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LONDON

Printed by C. J. and J. Robinson

Paternoster Row



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IN
FOUR VOLUMES.

BY MRS. INCHBALD.

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VOL. I.

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LONDON :

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SIMPLE STORY.

CHAPTER I.

DORRIFORTH, bred at St. Omer's in all the scholastic rigour of that college, was by education, and the solemn vows of his order, a Roman Catholic priest — but nicely discriminating between the philosophical and the superstitious part of that character, and adopting the former only, he possessed qualities not unworthy the first professors of Christianity. — Every virtue which

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it was his vocation to preach, it was his care to practise; nor was he in the class of those of the religious, who, by secluding themselves from the world, fly the merit they might have in reforming mankind. He refused to shelter himself from the temptations of the layman by the walls of a cloister, but sought for, and found that shelter in the centre of London, where he dwelt, in his own prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance.

He was about thirty, and had lived in the metropolis near five years, when a gentleman above his own age, but with whom he had from his youth contracted a most sincere friendship, died, and left him the sole guardian of his daughter, who was then eighteen.

The



The deceased Mr. Milner, on his approaching dissolution, perfectly sensible of his state, thus reasoned with himself before he made the nomination:—

“I have formed no intimate friendship during my whole life, except one—I can be said to know the heart of no man, except the heart of Dorriforth. — After knowing his, I never sought acquaintance with another—I did not wish to lessen the exalted estimation of human nature which he had inspired. In this moment of trembling apprehension for every thought which darts across my mind, and more for every action which I must soon be called to answer for; all worldly views here thrown aside, I act as if that tribunal before which I every moment expect to appear, were now sitting in judgement upon my purpose. —The care of an only child is the great

charge that in this tremendous crisis I have to execute. — These earthly affections that bind me to her by custom, sympathy, or what I fondly call parental love, would direct me to study her present happiness, and leave her to the care of those whom she thinks her dearest friends; but they are friends only in the sunshine of fortune; in the cold nipping frost of disappointment, sickness, or connubial strife, they will forsake the house of care, although the very house which they may have built themselves."

Here the excruciating anguish of the father, overcame that of the dying man.

"In the moment of desertion," continued he, "which I now picture to myself, where will my child find comfort?"

fort?—That heavenly aid which religion gives, and which now amidst these agonizing tortures, cheers with trembling hope my afflicted soul; that she will be denied.”

It is in this place proper to remark, that Mr. Milner was a member of the church of Rome, but on his marriage with a lady of Protestant tenets, they mutually agreed their sons should be educated in the religious opinion of their father, and their daughters in that of their mother. One child only was the result of their union, the child whose future welfare now occupied the anxious thoughts of her expiring father.—From him the care of her education had been withheld, as he kept inviolate his promise to her departed mother: on the article of religion, and therefore

consigned his daughter to a boarding-school for Protestants, whence she returned with merely such ideas of religion as ladies of fashion at her age mostly imbibe. Her little heart employed in all the endless pursuits of personal accomplishments, had left her mind without one ornament, except such as nature gave; and even they were not wholly preserved from the ravages made by its rival, *Art.*

While her father was in health he beheld, with extreme delight, his accomplished daughter without one fault which taste or elegance could have imputed to her; nor ever enquired what might be her other failings.—But, cast on a bed of sickness, and upon the point of leaving her to her fate, those failings at once rushed on his memory — and all the

pride, the fond enjoyment he had taken in beholding her open the ball, or delight her hearers with her wit, escaped his remembrance; or, not escaping it, were lamented with a sigh of compassion, or a contemptuous frown, at such frivolous qualifications.

“Something essential,” said he to himself, “must be considered—something to prepare her for an hour like this.—Can I then leave her to the charge of those who themselves never remember such an hour will come?—Dorri-forth is the only person I know, who, uniting the moral virtues to those of religion, and pious faith to native honour, will protect without controlling, instruct without tyrannizing, comfort without flattering, and perhaps in time make good, by choice rather than by constraint,

the dear object of his dying friend's sole care."

Dorriforth, who came post from London to visit Mr. Milner in his illness, received a few moments before his death all his injunctions, and promised to fulfill them. — But in this last token of his friend's perfect esteem, he still was restrained from all authority to direct his ward in one religious opinion contrary to those her mother had professed, and in which she herself had been educated.

"Never perplex her mind with an idea that may disturb, but cannot reform"—were his latest words; and Dorriforth's reply gave him entire satisfaction.

Miss

Miss Milner was not with her father at this affecting period — some delicately nervous friend, with whom she was on a visit at Bath, thought proper to conceal from her not only the danger of his death, but even his indisposition, lest it might alarm a mind she thought too susceptible. This refined tenderness gave poor Miss Milner the almost insupportable agony of hearing that her father was no more, even before she was told he was not in health. In the bitterest anguish she flew to pay her last duty to his remains, and performed it with the truest filial love, while Dorrisforth, upon important business, was obliged to return to town.

CHAPTER II.

DORRIFORTH returned to London heavily afflicted for the loss of his friend, and yet perhaps with his thoughts more engaged upon the trust which that friend had reposed in him. He knew the life Miss Milner had been accustomed to lead; he dreaded the repulses his admonitions might possibly meet; and feared he had undertaken a task he was too weak to execute—the protection of a young woman of fashion.

Mr. Dorriforth was nearly related to one of our first Catholic peers; his income was by no means confined, but approaching to affluence; yet such was
his

his attention to those in poverty, and the moderation of his own desires, that he lived in all the careful plainness of œconomy. — His habitation was in the house of a Mrs. Horton, an elderly gentlewoman, who had a maiden niece residing with her not many years younger than herself. — But although Miss Woodley was thirty-five, and in person exceedingly plain, yet she possessed such an extreme chearfulness of temper, and such an inexhaustible fund of good nature, that she escaped not only the ridicule, but even the appellation of an old maid.

In this house Dorriforth had lived before the death of Mr. Horton; nor upon that event had he thought it necessary, notwithstanding his religious vow of celibacy, to fly the roof of two
such

such innocent females as Mrs. Horton and her niece.—On their part, they regarded him with all that respect and reverence which the most religious flock shews to its pastor; and his friendly society they not only esteemed a spiritual, but a temporal advantage, as the liberal stipend he allowed for his apartments and board, enabled them to continue in the large and commodious house which they had occupied during the life of Mr. Horton.

Here, upon Mr. Dorriforth's return from his journey, preparations were made for the reception of his ward, her father having made it his request that she might, for a time at least, reside in the same house with her guardian, receive the same visits, and cultivate the

acquaintance of his companions and friends.

When the will of her father was made known to Miss Milner, she submitted without the least reluctance to all he had required. Her mind, at that time impressed with the most poignant sorrow for his loss, made no distinction of happiness that was to come; and the day was appointed, with her silent acquiescence, when she was to arrive in London, and there take up her abode, with all the retinue of a rich heiress.

Mrs. Horton was delighted with the addition this acquisition to her family was likely to make to her annual income, and style of living.—The good-natured Miss Woodley was overjoyed at the expectation of their new guest, yet she

I herself

herself could not tell why—but the reason was, that her kind heart wanted a more ample field for its benevolence; and now her thoughts were all pleasingly employed how she should render, not only the lady herself, but even all her attendants, happy in their new situation.

The reflections of Dorriforth were less agreeably engaged—Cares, doubts, fears, possessed his mind—and so forcibly possessed it, that upon every occasion which offered, he would inquisitively endeavour to gain intelligence of his ward's disposition before he saw her; for he was, as yet, a stranger not only to the real propensities of her mind, but even to her person; a constant round of visits having prevented his meeting her at her father's, the very few times
he

he had been at his house, since her final return from school. — The first person whose opinion he, with all proper reserve, asked concerning Miss Milner, was Lady Evans, the widow of a Baronet, who frequently visited at Mrs. Horton's.

But that the reader may be interested in what Dorriforth says and does, it is necessary to give some description of his person and manners. — His figure was tall and elegant, but his face, except a pair of dark bright eyes, a set of white teeth, and a graceful fall in his clerical curls of brown hair, had not one feature to excite admiration — yet such a gleam of sensibility was diffused over each, that many people mistook his face for handsome, and all were
more

more or less attracted by it—in a word, the charm, that is here meant to be described, is a *countenance*—on *his* you read the feelings of his heart—saw all its inmost workings—the quick pulses that beat with hope and fear, or the gentle ones that moved in a more equal course of patience and resignation. On this countenance his thoughts were portrayed; and as his mind was enriched with every virtue that could make it valuable, so was his face adorned with every expression of those virtues—and they not only gave a lustre to his aspect, but added a harmonious sound to all he uttered; it was persuasive, it was perfect eloquence; whilst in his looks you beheld his thoughts moving with his lips, and ever coinciding with what he said.

With

With one of those interesting looks which revealed the anxiety of his heart, and yet with that graceful restraint of all gesticulation, for which he was remarkable, even in his most anxious concerns, he addressed Lady Evans, who had called on Mrs. Horton to hear and to request the news of the day: "Your Ladyship was at Bath last spring—you know the young lady to whom I have the honour of being appointed guardian.—Pray,"—

He was earnestly intent upon asking a question, but was prevented by the person interrogated.

"Dear Mr. Dorriforth, do not ask me any thing about Miss Milner—when I saw her she was very young; though indeed this is but three months ago, and she can't be much older now."

“She is eighteen,” answered Dorriforth, colouring with regret at the doubts which this lady had increased, but not inspired.

“And she is very beautiful, that I can assure you,” said Lady Evans.

“Which I call no qualification,” said Dorriforth, rising from his chair in evident uneasiness.

“But where there is nothing else, let me tell you, beauty is something.”

“Much worse than nothing, in my opinion,” returned Dorriforth.

“But now, Mr. Dorriforth, do not, from what I have said, frighten yourself, and imagine your ward worse than she really is—all I know of her, is merely, that she’s young, idle, indiscreet, and giddy, with half a dozen lovers in her suite; some coxcombs, others men of gallantry,

gallantry, some single, and others married."

Dorriforth started. — "For the first time of my life," cried he with a manly sorrow, "I wish I had never known her father."

"Nay," said Mrs. Horton, who expected every thing to happen just as she wished, (for neither an excellent education, the best company, or long experience had been able to cultivate or brighten this good lady's understanding,) "Nay," said she, "I am sure, Mr. Dorriforth, you will soon convert her from all her evil ways."

"Dear me," returned Lady Evans, "I am sure I never meant to hint at any thing evil — and for what I have said, I will give you up my authors if you please; for they were not observa-

tions of my own; all I do is to mention them again."

The good-natured Miss Woodley, who sat working at the window, an humble, but an attentive listener to this discourse, ventured here to say exactly six words: "Then don't mention them any more."

"Let us change the subject," said Dorriforth.

"With all my heart," cried Lady Evans; "and I am sure it will be to the lady's advantage."

"Is Miss Milner tall or short?" asked Mrs. Horton, still wishing for farther information.

"Oh, tall enough of all conscience," returned she; "I tell you again that no fault can be found with her person."

"But if her mind is defective,"—exclaimed Dorriforth, with a sigh——

"That

"That may be improved as well as the person," cried Miss Woodley.

"No, my dear," returned Lady Evans, "I never heard of a pad to make strait an ill-shapen disposition."

"Oh, yes," answered Miss Woodley, "good company, good books, experience, and the misfortunes of others, may have more power to form the mind to virtue, than"——

Miss Woodley was not permitted to proceed, for Lady Evans rising hastily from her seat, cried, "I must be gone—I have an hundred people waiting for me at home—besides, were I inclined to hear a sermon, I should desire Mr. Dorriforth to preach, and not you."

Just then Mrs. Hillgrave was announced.—"And here is Mrs. Hillgrave," continued she—"I believe, Mrs. Hillgrave, you know Miss Milner,

don't you? The young lady who has lately lost her father."

Mrs. Hillgrave was the wife of a merchant who had met with severe losses, and as soon as the name of Miss Milner was uttered, she lifted up her hands, and the tears started in her eyes.

"There!" cried Lady Evans, "I desire you will give your opinion of her, and I am sorry I cannot stay to hear it." Saying this, she curtsied and took her leave.

When Mrs. Hillgrave had been seated a few minutes Mrs. Horton, who loved information equally with the most inquisitive of her sex, begged the new visitor—"If she might be permitted to know, why, at the mention of Miss Milner, she had seemed so much affected?"

This

This question interesting the fears of Dorriforth, he turned anxiously round attentive to the reply.

“ Miss Milner,” answered she, “ has been my benefactress, and the best I ever had.” As she spoke, she took out her handkerchief and wiped away the tears that ran down her face.

“ How so?” cried Dorriforth eagerly, with his own eyes moistened with joy, nearly as much as her’s were with gratitude.

“ My husband, at the commencement of his distresses,” replied Mrs. Hillgrave, owed a sum of money to her father, and from repeated provocations, Mr. Milner was determined to seize upon all our effects — his daughter, however, procured us time in order to discharge the debt; and when she found *that* time was insufficient, and her father no longer

to be dissuaded from his intention, she secretly sold some of her most valuable ornaments to satisfy his demand and screen us from its consequences."

Dorriforth, pleased at this recital, took Mrs. Hillgrave by the hand, and told her, "she should never want a friend."

"Is Miss Milner tall, or short?" again asked Mrs. Horton, fearing, from the sudden pause which had ensued, the subject should be dropped.

"I don't know," answered Mrs. Hillgrave.

"Is she handsome, or ugly?"

"I really can't tell."

"It is very strange you should not take notice!"

"I did take notice, but I cannot depend upon my own judgement — to me
she

she appeared beautiful as an angel ; but perhaps I was deceived by the beauties of her disposition.

CHAPTER III.

THIS gentlewoman's visit inspired Mr. Dorriforth with some confidence in the principles and character of his ward. — The day arrived on which she was to leave her late father's seat, and fix her abode at Mrs. Horton's; and her guardian, accompanied by Miss Woodley, went in his carriage to meet her, and waited at an inn on the road for her reception.

After many a sigh paid to the memory of her father, Miss Milner, upon the tenth of November, arrived at the place, half way on her journey to town, where Dorriforth and Miss Woodley were expecting

pecting her. — Besides attendants, she had with her a gentleman and lady, distant relations of her mother's, who thought it but a proper testimony of their civility to attend her part of the way, but who so much envied her guardian the trust Mr. Milner had reposed in him, that as soon as they had delivered her safe into his care, they returned.

When the carriage which brought Miss Milner stopped at the inn gate, and her name was announced to Dorri-forth, he turned pale — something like a foreboding of disaster trembled at his heart, and consequently spread a gloom over all his face. — Miss Woodley was even obliged to rouse him from the dejection into which he was cast, or he would

would have sunk beneath it : she was obliged also to be the first to welcome his lovely charge. — Lovely beyond description.

But the natural vivacity, the gaiety which report had given to Miss Milner, were softened by her recent sorrow to a meek sadness—and that haughty display of charms, imputed to her manners, was changed to a pensive demeanor.—The instant Dorriforth was introduced to her by Miss Woodley as her “ Guardian, and her deceased father’s most beloved friend,” she burst into tears, knelt down to him for a moment, and promised ever to obey him as her father.—He had his handkerchief to his face at the time, or she would have beheld the agitation — the remotest sensations of his heart.

This

This affecting introduction being over, and some minutes passed in general conversation, the carriages were again ordered, and, bidding farewell to the relations who had accompanied her, Miss Milner, her guardian, and Miss Woodley departed for town; the two ladies in Miss Milner's carriage, and Dorriforth in that in which he came.

Miss Woodley, as they rode along, made no attempts to ingratiate herself with Miss Milner; though, perhaps, it might constitute one of her first wishes—she behaved to her but as she constantly behaved to every other human creature—that was sufficient to gain the esteem of a person possessed of an understanding equal to that of Miss Milner—she had penetration to discover

Miss

Miss Woodley's unaffected worth, and was soon induced to reward it with the warmest friendship.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER a night's rest in London, she was early up, and with the help of her father, recollected it not already attached to her as a acquaintance, but thought it pleasant to be occupied with the reflection that it was in the gay city of London, and with its various scenes of which her active fancy had often formed a fine picture, that she was now seated and occupied. She was much of that variety, and with all those elements which for a while had yielded her transcendent power to the weaker influence of her final sorrow.

CHAP-

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER a night's rest in London, less violently impressed with the loss of her father, reconciled, if not already attached to her new acquaintance, her thoughts pleasingly occupied with the reflection that she was in that gay metropolis — a wild and rapturous picture of which her active fancy had often formed — Miss Milner waked from a peaceful and refreshing sleep, with much of that vivacity, and with all those airy charms, which for a while had yielded their transcendent power to the weaker influence of her filial sorrow.

Beauti-

Beautiful as she had appeared to Miss Woodley and to Dorriforth on the preceding day, when she joined them in the morning at breakfast, re-possessed of her lively elegance and dignified simplicity, they gazed at her, and at each other alternately, with astonishment! — and Mrs. Horton as she sat at the head of her tea-table, felt herself but as a menial servant: such command has beauty if united with sense and virtue.—In Miss Milner it was so united.—Yet let not our over-scrupulous readers be misled, and extend their idea of her virtue so as to magnify it beyond that which frail mortals commonly possess; nor must they cavil, if, on a nearer view, they find it less—but let them consider, that if she had more faults than generally belong to others, she had likewise more temptations.

From her infancy she had been indulged in all her wishes to the extreme of folly, and started habitually at the unpleasant voice of controul.—She was beautiful; she had been too frequently told the high value of that beauty, and thought every moment passed in wasteful idleness during which she was not gaining some new conquest.—She had besides a quick sensibility, which too frequently discovered itself in the immediate resentment of injuries or neglect.—She had also acquired the dangerous character of a wit; but to which she had no real pretensions, although the most discerning critic, hearing her converse, might fall into this mistake.—Her replies had all the effect of repartee, not because she possessed those qualities which can properly be called wit, but that what she said was delivered

with an energy, an instantaneous and powerful conception of the sentiment, joined with a real or a well-counterfeited simplicity, a quick turn of the eye, and an arch smile of the countenance.—Her words were but the words of others, and, like those of others, put into common sentences; but the delivery made them pass for wit, as grace in an ill-proportioned figure will often make it pass for symmetry.

And now—leaving description—the reader must form a judgement of her by her actions; by all the round of great or trivial circumstances that shall be related.

At breakfast, which had just begun at the commencement of this chapter, the conversation was lively on the part of
Miss

Miss Milner, wife on the part of Dorri-
forth, good on the part of Miss Wood-
lay, and an endeavour at all three on the
part of Mrs. Horton.—The discourse at
length drew from Mr. Dorriforth this
observation.

“ You have a greater resemblance of
your father, Miss Milner, than I ima-
gined you had from report : I did not
expect to find you so like him.”

• “ Nor did I, Mr. Dorriforth, expect
to find you any thing like what you are.”

“ No?—pray what did you expect to
find me ?”

“ I expected to find you an elderly
man, and a plain man.”

This was spoken in an artless man-
ner, but in a tone which obviously de-
clared she thought her guardian young
and handsome.—He replied, but not

without some little embarrassment, "A plain man you shall find me in all my actions."

"Then your actions are to contradict your looks."

For in what she said, Miss Milner had the quality peculiar to wits, of hazarding the thought that first occurs, which thought has generally truth on its side.—On this he paid her a compliment in return.

"You, Miss Milner, I should suppose, must be a very bad judge of what is plain, and what is not."

"How so?"

"Because I am sure you will readily own you do not think yourself handsome; and allowing that, you instantly want judgement."

"And

“ And I would rather want judgement than beauty,” she replied, “ and so I give up the one for the other.”

With a serious face, as if proposing a very serious question, Dorriforth continued, “ And you really believe you are not handsome ?”

“ I should, if I consulted my own opinion, believe that I was not, but in some respects I am like you Roman Catholics ; I don’t believe upon my own understanding, but from what other people tell me.”

“ And let this convince you,” replied Dorriforth, “ that what we teach is truth ; for you find you would be deceived did you not trust to persons who know better than yourself. — But, my dear Miss Milner, we will talk upon some other topic, and never resume this again

—we differ in opinion, I dare say, on one subject only, and this difference I hope will never extend itself to any other.—Therefore, let not religion be named between us; for as I have resolved never to persecute you, in pity be grateful, and do not persecute me.”

Miss Milner looked with surprise that any thing so lightly said, should be so seriously received.—The kind Miss Woodley ejaculated a short prayer to herself, that heaven would forgive her young friend the involuntary sin of religious ignorance—while Mrs. Horton, unperceived, as she imagined, made the sign of the cross upon her forehead as a guard against the infectious taint of heretical opinions. This pious ceremony Miss Milner by chance observed, and now shewed such an evident propensity

to burst into a fit of laughter, that the good lady of the house could no longer contain her resentment, but exclaimed, "God forgive you." With a severity so different from the idea which the words conveyed, that the object of her anger was, on this, obliged freely to indulge that impulse which she had in vain been struggling to suppress; and no longer suffering under the agony of restraint, she gave way to her humour, and laughed with a liberty so uncontrouled, that soon left her in the room with none but the tender-hearted Miss Woodley a witness of her folly.

"My dear Miss Woodley," (then cried Miss Milner, after recovering herself) "I am afraid you will not forgive me."

“No, indeed I will not.” returned Miss Woodley.

But how unimportant, how weak, how ineffectual are *words* in conversation—looks and manners alone express—for Miss Woodley, with her charitable face and mild accents, saying she would not forgive, implied only forgiveness—while Mrs. Horton, with her enraged voice and aspect, begging heaven to pardon the offender, palpably said, she thought her unworthy of all pardon.

CHAP.

CHAPTER V.

SIX weeks have now elapsed since Miss Milner has been in London, partaking with delight all its pleasures, while Dorriforth has been sighing with apprehension, attending to her with precaution, and praying with zealous fervour for her safety.—Her own and her guardian's acquaintance, and, added to them, the new friendships (to use the unmeaning language of the world) which she was continually forming, crowded so perpetually to the house, that seldom had Dorriforth even a moment left him from her visits or visitors, to warn her of her danger:—yet when a moment offered, he caught it eagerly—pressed the necessity of “Time

not

not always passed in society ; of reflection ; of reading ; of thoughts for a future state ; and of virtues acquired to make old age supportable."—That forcible power of genuine feeling, which directs the tongue to eloquence, had its effect while she listened to him, and she sometimes put on the looks and gesture of assent—sometimes even spoke the language of conviction ; but this the first call of dissipation would change to ill-timed raillery, or peevish remonstrance, at being limited in delights her birth and fortune entitled her to enjoy.

Among the many visitors who attended at her levees, and followed her wherever she went, there was one who seemed, even when absent from her, to share her thoughts.—This was Lord Frederick Lawley, the younger son of a
Duke,

Duke, and the avowed favourite of all the most discerning women of taste.

He was not more than twenty-three; animated, elegant, extremely handsome, and possessed of every accomplishment that would captivate a heart less susceptible of love than Miss Milner's was supposed to be.—With these allurements, no wonder if she took pleasure in his company—no wonder if she took pride in having it known that he was among the number of her devoted admirers.—Dorriforth saw this growing intimacy with alternate pain and pleasure—he wished to see Miss Milner married, to see his charge in the protection of another, rather than of himself; yet under the care of a young nobleman, immersed in all the vices of the town, without one moral excellence, but such as might result

sult eventually from the influence of the moment—under such care he trembled for her happiness—yet trembled more lest her heart should be purloined without even the authority of matrimonial views.

With sentiments like these, Dorriforth could never disguise his uneasiness at the sight of Lord Frederick, nor could the lover help discerning the suspicion of the guardian, and consequently each was embarrassed in the presence of the other.—Miss Milner observed, but observed with indifference, the sensations of both—there was but one passion which then held a place in her bosom, and that was vanity ; vanity defined into all the species of pride, vain glory, self-approbation—an inordinate desire of admiration, and an immoderate enjoyment
of

of the art of pleasing, for her own individual happiness, and not for the happiness of others.—Still had she a heart inclined, and oftentimes affected by tendencies less unworthy; but those approaches to what was estimable, were in their first impulse too frequently met and intercepted by some darling folly.

Miss Woodley (who could easily discover a virtue, although of the most diminutive kind, and scarce through the magnifying glass of calumny could ever perceive a fault) was Miss Milner's inseparable companion at home, and her zealous advocate with Dorriforth, whenever, during her absence, she became the subject of discourse.—He listened with hope to the praises of her friend, but saw with despair how little they were merited.—Sometimes he struggled to subdue

subdue his anger, but oftener strove to suppress tears of pity for her hapless state.

By this time all her acquaintance had given Lord Frederick to her as a lover; the servants whispered it, and some of the public prints had even fixed the day of marriage;—but as no explanation had ever taken place on his part, Doriforth's uneasiness was increased, and he seriously told his ward he thought it would be indispensably prudent in her to entreat Lord Frederick to discontinue his visits.—She smiled with ridicule at the caution, but finding it repeated, and in a manner that favoured of authority, she promised not only to make, but to enforce the request.—The next time he came she did so, assuring him it was by her guardian's desire;

“ Who

“Who from motives of delicacy had permitted her to solicit as a favour, what he could himself make as a demand.”—

Lord Frederick reddened with anger—he loved Miss Milner; but he doubted whether (from the frequent proofs he had experienced of his own inconstancy) he should continue to love—and this interference of her guardian threatened an explanation or a dismissal, before he became thoroughly acquainted with his own heart.—Alarmed, confounded, and provoked, he replied,

“By heaven I believe Mr. Dorri-forth loves you himself, and it is jealousy that makes him treat me in this manner.”

“For shame, my Lord!” cried Miss Woodley, who was present, and who trembled with horror at the sacrilegious idea.

“Nay,

“Nay, shame to him if he is not in love”—answered his Lordship, “for who but a savage could behold beauty like her’s without owning its power?”

“Habit,” replied Miss Milner, “is every thing—Mr. Dorriforth sees and converses with beauty, but from habit he does not fall in love, as you, my Lord, from habit so often do.”

“Then you believe that love is not in my nature?”

“No more of it, my lord, than habit could very soon extinguish.”

“But I would not have it extinguished—I would rather it should mount to a flame, for I think it a crime to be insensible of the divine blessings love can bestow.”

“Then you indulge the passion to avoid

avoid a sin?—this very motive deters Mr. Dorriforth from that indulgence.”

“ It ought to deter him, for the sake of his oaths—but monastick vows, like those of marriage, were made to be broken—and surely when your guardian looks at you, his wishes”——

“ Are never less pure,” she replied eagerly, “ than those which dwell in the bosom of my *celestial* guardian.”

At that instant Dorriforth entered the room. The colour had mounted into Miss Milner's face from the warmth with which she had delivered her opinion, and his accidental entrance at the very moment this praise had been conferred upon him in his absence, heightened the blush to a deep glow on every feature—confusion and earnestness caused

even her lips to tremble and her whole frame to shake.

“What’s the matter?” cried Dorriforth, looking with concern on her discomposure.

“A compliment paid by herself to you, Sir,” replied Lord Frederick, “has affected your ward in the manner you have seen.”

“As if she blushed at the untruth,” said Dorriforth.

“Nay, that is unkind,” cried Miss Woodley; “for if you had been here”——

“—I would not have said what I did,” replied Miss Milner, “but left him to vindicate himself.”

“Is it possible that I can want any vindication? Who would think it worth their while to slander so unimportant a person as I am?”

“The

“The man who has the charge of Miss Milner,” replied Lord Frederick, “derives a consequence from her.”

“No ill consequence, I hope, my lord?” said Dorriforth, with a firmness in his voice, and with an eye so fixed, that his antagonist hesitated for a moment in want of a reply—and Miss Milner softly whispering to him, as her guardian turned his head, to avoid an argument, he bowed acquiescence.—And then, as if in compliment to her, he changed the subject;—with an air of ridicule he cried,

“I wish, Mr. Dorriforth, you would give me absolution of all my sins, for I confess they are many, and manifold.”

“Hold, my Lord,” exclaimed Dorriforth, “do not confess before the ladies, lest, in order to excite their compassion, you should be tempted to accuse your-

self of sins, you have never yet committed."

At this Miss Milner laughed, seemingly so well pleased, that lord Frederick, with a sarcastic sneer, repeated,

———" From Abelard it came,

" And Eloisa still must love the name."

Whether from an inattention to the quotation, or from a consciousness it was wholly inapplicable, Dorriforth heard it without one emotion of shame or of anger—while Miss Milner seemed shocked at the implication; her pleasantry was immediately suppressed, and she threw open the sash and held her head out at the window, to conceal the embarrassment these lines had occasioned.

The

The earl of Elmwood was at that juncture announced—a Catholic nobleman, just come of age, and on the eve of marriage—his visits was to his cousin, Mr. Dorriforth, but as all ceremonious visits were alike received by Dorriforth, Miss Milner and Mrs. Horton's family in one common apartment, lord Elmwood was ushered into this, and of course directed the conversation to a different subject.

CHAPTER VI.

WITH an anxious desire that the affection, or acquaintance, between lord Frederick and Miss Milner might be finally dissolved, her guardian received with infinite satisfaction, overtures of marriage from Sir Edward Ashton.—Sir Edward was not young or handsome; old or ugly; but immensely rich, and possessed of qualities that made him worthy of the happiness to which he aspired.—He was the man whom Dorriforth would have chosen before any other for the husband of his Ward, and his wishes made him sometimes hope, against his reason, that Sir Edward would not be rejected—he was resolved, at all events,
to

to try the force of his own power in the strongest recommendation of him.

Notwithstanding that dissimilarity of opinion which, in almost every instance, subsisted between Miss Milner and her guardian, there was in general the most punctilious observance of good manners from each towards the other—on the part of Dorriforth more especially; for his politeness would sometimes appear even like the result of a system which he had marked out for himself, as the only means to keep his ward restrained within the same limitations.—Whenever he addressed her there was an unusual reserve upon his countenance, and more than usual gentleness in the tone of his voice; this appeared the effect of sentiments which her birth and situation inspired, joined to a studied mode

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of respect best calculated to enforce the same from her.—The wished-for consequence was produced—for though there was an instinctive rectitude in the understanding of Miss Milner that would have taught her, without other instruction, what manners to observe towards her deputed father; yet, from some volatile thought, or some quick sense of feeling, which she had not been accustomed to subdue, she was perpetually on the verge of treating him with levity; but he would immediately recall her recollection by a reserve too awful, and a gentleness too sacred for her to violate. The distinction which both required, was thus, by his skilful management alone, preserved.

One morning he took an opportunity, before her and Miss Woodley, to introduce

introduce and press the subject of Sir Edward Ashton's hopes. He first spoke warmly in his praise, then plainly said that he believed she possessed the power of making so deserving a man happy to the summit of his wishes. A laugh of ridicule was the only answer;— but a sudden frown from Dorriforth having put an end to it, he resumed his usual politeness and said,

“ I wish, you would shew a better taste than thus pointedly to disapprove of Sir Edward.”

“ How, Mr. Dorriforth,” can you “ expect me to give proofs of a good taste, when Sir Edward, whom you consider with such high esteem, has given so bad an example of his, in approving me ?”

Dorriforth wished not to flatter her by a compliment she seemed to have sought

sought for, and for a moment hesitated what answer to make.

“ Reply, Sir, to that question,” she said.

“ Why then, Madam,” returned he, “ it is my opinion, that supposing what your humility has advanced be just, yet Sir Edward will not suffer by the suggestion ; for in cases where the heart is so immediately concerned, as I believe Sir Edward’s to be, taste, or rather reason, has no power to act.”

“ You are in the right, Mr. Dorri-forth ; this is a thorough justification of Sir Edward—and when I fall in love, I must beg that you will make the same excuse for me.”

“ Then,” said he earnestly, “ before your heart is in that state which I have described, exert your reason.”

“ I shall,”

"I shall," answered she, "and not consent to marry a man whom I could never love."

"Unless your heart is already given away, Miss Milner, what can make you speak with such a degree of certainty?"

He thought on Lord Frederick when he said this, and he riveted his eyes upon her as if to penetrate her sentiments, and yet trembled for what he should find there.—She blushed, and her looks would have confirmed her guilt, if the unembarrassed and free tone of her voice, more than her words, had not preserved her from that sentence.

"No," she replied, "my heart is not given away; and yet I can venture to declare Sir Edward will never possess an atom of it."

"I am sorry, for both your sakes, that these are your sentiments,—he replied,

plied, "But as your heart is still your own," (and he seemed rejoiced to find it was) "permit me to warn you how you part with a thing so precious—the dangers, the sorrows you hazard in bestowing it, are greater than you may be aware of. The heart once gone, our thoughts, our actions, are no more our own, than that is."—He seemed *forcing* himself to utter all this, and yet broke off as if he could have said much more, if the extreme delicacy of the subject had not prevented him.

When he left the room, and she heard the door shut after him, she said with an inquisitive thoughtfulness, "What can make good people so skilled in all the weaknesses of the bad?" Mr. Dorriforth, with all those prudent admonitions, appears rather like a man who has passed
his

his life in the gay world, experienced all its dangerous allurements, all its repentant sorrows; than like one who has lived his whole time secluded in a monastery, or in his own study.—Then he speaks with such exquisite sensibility on the subject of love, that he commends the very thing which he attempts to depreciate.—I do not think my lord Frederick would make the passion appear in more pleasing colours by painting its delights, than Mr. Dorri-forth could in describing its sorrows—and if he talks to me frequently in this manner, I shall certainly take pity on Lord Frederick, for the sake of his adversary's eloquence.”

Miss Woodley, who heard the conclusion of this speech with the tenderest concern, cried, “Alas! you then think seriously of lord Frederick!”

“Suppose

“ Suppose I do,” wherefore that *alas!* Miss Woodley?”

“ Because I fear you will never be happy with him.”

“ That is plainly telling me he will not be happy with me.”

“ I cannot speak of marriage from experience,” answered Miss Woodley, “ but I think I can guess what it is.”

“ Nor can I speak of love from experience,” replied Miss Milner, “ but I think I can guess what it is.”

“ But do not fall in love, my dear,” (cried Miss Woodley, with her accustomed simplicity of heart, as if she had been asking a favour that depended upon the will of the person entreated,) “ pray do not fall in love without the approbation of your guardian.”

Her

Her young friend laughed at the inefficacious prayer, but promised to do "all she could to oblige her."

CHAPTER VII.

SIR Edward, not wholly discouraged by the denial with which Dorriforth had, with delicacy, acquainted him, still hoped for a kind reception, and was so often at the house of Mrs. Horton, that lord Frederick's jealousy was excited, and the tortures he suffered in consequence, convinced him beyond a doubt of the sincerity of his affection. Every time he beheld the object of his passion, (for he still continued his visits, tho' less frequently than before) he pleaded his cause so ardently, that Miss Woodley, who was sometimes present, and ever compassionate, could not resist wishing him success. He now unequivocally offered

unequivocally offered marriage, and entreated that he might lay his proposals before Mr. Dorriforth, but this was positively forbidden.

Her reluctance he imputed, however, more to the known partiality of her guardian for the addresses of Sir Edward, than to any motive which depended upon herself; and to Mr. Dorriforth he conceived a greater dislike than ever; believing that through his interposition, in spite of his ward's attachment, he might yet be deprived of her.—But Miss Milner declared both to him and to her friend, that love had, at present, gained no influence over her mind.—Yet did the watchful Miss Woodley oftentimes hear a sigh escape from her unknown to herself, till she was reminded of it, and then a sudden

blush of shame would instantly overspread her face.—This seeming struggle with her passion, endeared her more than ever to Miss Woodley, and she would even risk the displeasure of Dorrisforth by her compliance with every new pursuit that might amuse the time, which else her friend used to pass in heaviness of heart.

Balls, plays, incessant company, at length roused her guardian from that mildness with which he had been accustomed to treat her.—Night after night his sleep had been disturbed by fears for her when abroad; morning after morning it had been broken by the clamour of her return.—He therefore said to her one forenoon as he met her accidentally upon the staircase,

“ I hope,

"I hope, Miss Milner, you pass this evening at home?"

Unprepared for the sudden question, she blushed and replied, "Yes." — Though she knew she was engaged to a brilliant assembly, for which her milliner had been consulted a whole week.

She, however, flattered herself that what she had said might be excused as a mistake, the lapse of memory, or some other trifling fault, when he should know the truth. — The truth was earlier divulged than she expected — for just as dinner was removed, her footman delivered a message to her from her milliner concerning a new dress for the evening — the *present evening* particularly marked. — Her guardian looked astonished.

"I thought, Miss Milner, you gave

me your word that you would pass this evening at home?"

"I mistook then — for I had before given my word that I should pass it abroad."

"Indeed!" cried he.

"Yes, indeed; and I believe it is right that I should keep my first promise; is it not?"

"The promise you gave me then, you do not think of any consequence?"

"Yes, certainly, if you do."

"I do."

"And mean, perhaps, to make it of more consequence than it deserves, by being offended."

"Whether or not, I *am* offended — you shall find I am." And he looked so.

She caught his piercing eyes — her's were immediately cast down; and she

trem-

trembled — either with shame or with resentment.

Mrs. Horton rose from her seat — moved the decanters and fruit round the table — stirred the fire — and came back to her seat again, before another word was uttered. — Nor had this good woman's officious labours taken the least from the awkwardness of the silence, which, as soon as the bustle she had made was over, returned in its full force.

At last, Miss Milner rising with alacrity, was preparing to go out of the room, when Dorriforth raised his voice, and in a tone of authority said,

Miss Milner, you shall not leave the house this evening."

"Sir!" — she exclaimed with a kind of doubt of what she had heard — a sur-

prise, which fixed her hand on the door she had half opened, but which now she shewed herself irresolute whether to open wide in defiance, or to shut submissively.—Before she could resolve, he rose from his chair, and said, with a force and warmth she had never heard him use before,

“ I command you to stay at home this evening.”

And he walked immediately out of the apartment by another door.— Her hand fell motionless from that which she held—she appeared motionless herself—till Mrs. Horton, “ Beseeching her not to be uneasy at the treatment she had received,” made her tears flow, and her bosom heave as if her heart was breaking.

Miss

Miss Woodley would have said something to comfort her, but she had caught the infection, and could not utter a word.—It was not from any real cause of grief that she wept; but there was a magnetic quality in tears, which always attracted hers.

Mrs. Horton secretly enjoyed the scene, though the real well meaning of her heart, and ease of her conscience, did not suffer her to think so.—She, however, declared she had “Long prognosticated it would come to this;” and she “only thanked heaven it was no worse.”

“What could be worse, Madam?” cried Miss Milner; “am not I disappointed of the ball?”

“You don’t mean to go then?” said Mrs. Horton; “I commend your prudence; and I dare say it is more

than your guardian gives you credit for."

"Do you think I would go," answered Miss Milner, with an eagerness that for a time suppressed her tears, "in contradiction to his will?"

"It is not the first time, I believe, you have acted contrary to that, Miss Milner," replied Mrs. Horton, and affected a tenderness of voice, to soften the harshness of her words.

"If that is the case, Madam, I see nothing that should prevent me now." And she flung out of the room as if she had resolved to disobey him. — This alarmed poor Miss Woodley.

"My dear aunt," she cried to Mrs. Horton, "follow and prevail upon Miss Milner to give up her design; she means to be at the ball in opposition to her guardian's will."

"Then,"

“Then,” said Mrs. Horton, “I’ll not be instrumental in deterring her— if she does, it may be for the best; it may give Mr. Dorriforth a clearer knowledge what means are proper to convert her from evil.”

“But, my dear Madam, she must be preserved from the evil of disobedience; and as you tempted, you will be the most likely to dissuade her.—But if you will not, I must endeavour.”

Miss Woodley was leaving the room to perform this good work, when Mrs. Horton, in humble imitation of the example given her by Dorriforth, cried,

“Niece, I command you not to stir out of this room this evening.”

Miss Woodley obediently sat down—and though her thoughts and heart were in the chamber of her friend, she never marked

marked by one impertinent word, or by one line of her face, the restraint she suffered.

At the usual hour, Mr. Dorriforth and his ward were summoned to tea :— he entered with a countenance which evinced the remains of anger ; his eye gave testimony of his absent thoughts ; and though he took up a pamphlet affecting to read, it was plain to discern that he scarcely knew he held it in his hand.

Mrs. Horton began to make tea with a mind as intent upon something else as Dorriforth's—she longed for the event of this misunderstanding, (for to age trivial matters are important,) and though she wished no ill to Miss Milner, yet with an
inclina-

inclination bent upon seeing something new—without the fatigue of going out of her own house—she was not over scrupulous what that novelty might be.—But for fear she should have the imprudence to speak a word upon the subject which employed her thoughts, or even to look as if she thought of it at all; she pinched her lips close together, and cast her eyes on vacancy, lest their significant regards might expose her to detection.—And for fear any noise should intercept even the sound of what might happen, she walked across the room more softly than usual, and more softly touched every thing she was obliged to lay her hand on.

Miss Woodley thought it her duty to be mute; and now the gentle gingle
of

of a tea spoon was like a deep-toned bell, all was so quiet.

Mrs. Horton, too, in the self-approving reflection that *she* was not in any quarrel or altercation of any kind, felt herself at this moment remarkably peaceful and charitable.—Miss Woodley did not recollect *herself* so, but was so in reality—in her, peace and charity were instinctive virtues, accident could not increase them.

The tea had scarce been made, when a servant came with Miss Milner's compliments, and she “Did not mean to have any tea.”—The pamphlet shook in Dorriforth's hand while this message was delivered—he believed her to be dressing for her evening's entertainment, and now studied in what manner he should prevent

prevent or resent it.—He coughed—drank his tea—endeavoured to talk, but found it difficult—sometimes read—and in this manner near two hours were passed away, when Miss Milner came into the room.—Drest for no ball, but as she had risen from dinner.—Dorriforth read on, and seemed afraid of looking up, lest he should see what he could not have pardoned.—She drew a chair and sat at the table by the side of her delighted friend.

After a few minutes pause, and some little embarrassment on the part of Mrs. Horton, at the disappointment she had to encounter from this unexpected obedience, she asked Miss Milner “If she would now have any tea?”—She replied, “No, I thank you, Ma’am,” in a voice so languid, compared with her usual

usual one, that Darriforth lifted up his eyes from the book; and seeing her in the same dress that she had worn all the day, turned them away again—not with a look of triumph, but of confusion.

And whatever he might have suffered if he had seen her decorated, and bidding defiance to his commands, yet even upon that trial, he would not have endured half the painful sensations he now for a moment felt—he felt himself to blame.

He feared that he had treated her with too much severity—he admired her condescension, accused himself for having exacted it—he longed to ask her pardon—he did not know how.

A chearful reply from her, to a question of Miss Woodley's, embarrassed him still more—he wished that she had been sullen, he then would have had a temptation, or pretence, to have been so too.

With all these thoughts crowding fast on his mind he still read, or seemed to read, as if he took no notice of what was passing; till a servant came into the room and asked Miss Milner at what time she should want the chariot? to which she replied, “I don't go out to night.”—He then laid the book out of his hand, and by the time the servant had left the room, thus began:

“Miss Milner, I give you, I fear, some unkind proofs of my regard.—It is often the ungrateful task of a friend to be troublesome—sometimes” unman-
nerly.

nerly.—Forgive the duties of my office, and believe that no one is half so much concerned if it robs you of any amusements, as I myself am.”

What he said, he looked with so much sincerity, that had she been burning with rage at his behaviour, she must have forgiven him, for the regret which he so forcibly expressed.—She was going to reply, but found she could not, without accompanying her words with tears, therefore after the first attempt, she desisted.

On this he rose from his chair, and going to her, said, “Once more shew your submission by obeying me a second time to day.—Keep your appointment, and be assured that I shall issue my commands with more circumspection for the future, as I find how strictly they are complied with.”

Miss

Miss Milner, the gay, the proud, the dissipated, the haughty Miss Milner, sunk underneath this kindness, and wept with a gentleness and patience, which did not give more surprise than joy to Dorriforth.—He was charmed to find her disposition so tractable—prophefied to himself the future success of his guardianship, and her eternal as well as temporal happiness from this specimen.

CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH Dorriforth was the good man that he has been described, there were in his nature shades of evil—there was an obstinacy which he himself, and his friends termed firmness of mind; but had not religion and some opposite virtues weighed heavily in the balance, it would frequently have degenerated into implacable stubbornness.

The child of a sister once beloved, who married a young officer against her brother's consent, was at the age of three years left an orphan, destitute of all support but from his uncle's generosity: but though Dorriforth maintained,

tained, he would never see him. Miss Milner, whose heart was a receptacle for the unfortunate, no sooner was told the melancholy history of Mr. and Mrs. Rushbrook, the parents of the child, than she longed to behold the innocent inheritor of her guardian's resentment, and took Miss Woodley with her to see the boy.—He was at a farm house a few miles from town; and his extreme beauty and engaging manners, wanted not the sorrows to which he had been born, to give him farther recommendation to the kindness of her, who had come to visit him. She looked at him with admiration and pity, and having endeared herself to him by the most affectionate words and caresses, on her bidding him farewell, he cried most pitiouly to go along with her. Unused at any time to resist temptations, whether

to reprehensible, or to laudable actions, she yielded to his supplications, and having overcome a few scruples of Miss Woodley's, determined to take young Rushbrook to town and present him to his uncle. This idea was no sooner formed than executed.—By making a present to the nurse, she readily gained her consent to part with him for a day or two, and the signs of joy denoted by the child on being put into the carriage, repaid her beforehand for every reproof she might receive from her guardian, for the liberty she had taken.

“ Besides,” said she to Miss Woodley, who had still her apprehensions, “ do you not wish his uncle should have a warmer interest in his care than duty? —it is that alone which induces Mr. Dorriforth to provide for him; but it is proper that affection should have some share

share in his benevolence—and how, hereafter, will he be so fit an object of the love, that compassion must excite, as he is at present?”

Miss Woodley acquiesced.—But before they arrived at their own door it came into Miss Milner's remembrance, that there was a grave sternness in the manners of her guardian when provoked, the recollection of which made her a little apprehensive for what she had done—her friend who knew him better, was more so. — They both became silent as they approached the street where they lived — for Miss Woodley having once represented her fears, and having suppressed them in resignation to Miss Milner's better judgement, would not repeat them—and Miss Milner would not confess they were now troubling her.

Just, however, as the coach stopt at the door, she had the forecast and the humility to say, "We will not tell Mr. Dorriforth the child is his nephew, unless he should appear fond, and pleased with him, and then I think we may venture without any danger."

This was agreed; and when Dorriforth entered the room just before dinner, poor Harry Rushbrook was introduced as the son of a lady who frequently visited there. The deception passed—his Uncle shook hands with him, and at length highly pleased with his engaging manner, and applicable replies, took him on his knee, and kissed him with affection. Miss Milner could scarce restrain the joy it gave her; but unluckily, Dorriforth said soon after to the child, "And now tell me your name."

"Harry

"Harry Rushbrook." Replied he, with great force and clearness in his voice.

Dorriforth was holding him fondly round the waist as he stood with his feet upon his knees; and at this reply he did not *throw* him from him—but he removed his hands, which had supported him, so suddenly, that the child to prevent falling on the floor, threw himself about his uncle's neck.—Miss Milner and Miss Woodley turned aside to conceal their tears. "I had like to have been down," cried Harry, fearing no other danger.—But his uncle took hold of each hand which had twined around him, and placed him immediately on the ground;—the dinner being that instant served, he gave no greater marks of his resentment than calling for his hat, and walking instantly out of the house.

Miss Milner cried for anger; yet she did not shew less kindness to the object of this vexatious circumstance: she held him in her arms while she sat at table, and repeatedly said to him, (though he had not the sense to thank her) "That she would always be his friend."

The first emotions of resentment against Dorriforth being passed, she returned with her little charge to the farm house, before it was likely his uncle should come back; another instance of obedience which Miss Woodley was impatient her guardian should know; she therefore enquired where he was, and sent him a note for the sole purpose of acquainting him with it, offering at the same time an apology for what had happened. He returned in the evening
seemingly

seemingly reconciled, nor was a word mentioned of the incident which had occurred in the former part of the day; yet in his countenance remained a perfect remembrance of it, without one trait of compassion for his helpless nephew.

CHAPTER V.

THERE are few things so mortifying to a proud spirit as to suffer by immediate comparison—men can hardly bear it, but to women the punishment is intolerable ; and Miss Milner now laboured under this humiliation to a degree which gave her no small inquietude.

Miss Fenton, young, of exquisite beauty, elegant manners, gentle disposition, and discreet conduct, was introduced to Miss Milner's acquaintance by her guardian, and frequently, sometimes inadvertently, held up by him as a pattern for her to follow—for when he did not say this in direct terms, it was insinuated

finuated by the warmth of his panegyric on those virtues in which Miss Fenton excelled, and in which his ward was obviously deficient. Conscious of her own inferiority in these subjects of her guardian's praise, Miss Milner, instead of being inspired to emulation, was provoked to envy.

Not to admire Miss Fenton was impossible—to find one fault in her person or sentiments was equally impossible—and yet to love her was unlikely.

That serenity of mind which kept her features in a continual placid form, though enchanting at the first glance, upon a second or third, fatigued the sight for want of variety; and to have seen her distorted with rage, convulsed with mirth, or in deep dejection, had been

been to her advantage.—But her superior soul appeared above those emotions, and there was more inducement to worship her as a saint than to love her as a woman.—Yet Dorriforth, whose heart was not formed (at least not educated) for love, regarding her in the light of friendship only, beheld her as the most perfect model for her sex. Lord Frederick on seeing her first was struck with her beauty, and Miss Milner apprehended she had introduced a rival; but he had not seen her three times, before he called her “The most insufferable of Heaven’s creatures,” and vowed there was more charming variation in the features of Miss Woodley.

Miss Milner had a heart affectionate to her own sex, even where she saw them in possession of superior charms; but
whether

whether from the spirit of contradiction, from feeling herself more than ordinarily offended by her guardian's praise of this lady, or that there was a reserve in Miss Fenton that did not accord with her own frank and ingenuous disposition so as to engage her esteem, certain it is that she took infinite satisfaction in hearing her beauty and virtues depreciated or turned into ridicule, particularly if Mr. Dorri-forth was present. This was painful to him upon many accounts; perhaps an anxiety for his ward's conduct was not among the least; and whenever the circumstance occurred, he could with difficulty restrain his anger. Miss Fenton was not only a person whose amiable qualities he admired, but she was soon to be allied to him by her marriage with his nearest relation, Lord Elmwood, a young

a young nobleman whom he sincerely loved.

Lord Elmwood had discovered all that beauty in Miss Fenton which every common observer could not but see.— The charms of her mind and of her fortune had been pointed out by his tutor; and the utility of their marriage, in perfect submission to his precepts, he never permitted himself to question.

This preceptor held with a magisterial power the government of his pupil's passions; nay, governed them so entirely, that no one could perceive (nor did the young lord himself know) if he had any.

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This rigid monitor and friend was a Mr. Sandford, bred a Jesuit in the same college at which Dorriforth had been educated, but before his time the order was compelled to take another name. — Sandford had been the tutor of Dorriforth as well as of his cousin Lord Elmwood, and by this double tie seemed now entailed upon the family. — As a Jesuit, he was consequently a man of learning; possessed of steadiness to accomplish the end of any design once meditated, and of sagacity enough to direct the conduct of men more powerful, but less ingenious, than himself. — The young Earl accustomed in his infancy to fear him as his master, in his youth and manhood received every new indulgence with gratitude, and at length loved him as a father —

nor

nor had even Dorrisforth as yet shaken off similar sensations.

Mr. Sandford perfectly knew how to work upon the passions of all human kind, but yet he had the forbearance not to “Draw all hearts towards him.”—There were some whose hatred he thought not unworthy his pious labours; and in that pursuit he was more rapid in his success than even in procuring esteem. It was an enterprize in which he succeeded with Miss Milner even beyond his most sanguine wish.

She had been educated at an English boarding school, and had no idea of the superior and subordinate state of characters in a foreign feminary—besides, as a woman, she was privileged to say any thing she pleased; and as a beautiful woman,

man, she had a right to expect that whatever she pleased to say, should be admired.

Sandford knew the hearts of women, as well as those of men, though he had passed little of his time in their society—he saw Miss Milner's heart at the first view of her person; and beholding in that little circumference a weight of folly that he wished to eradicate, he began to toil in the vineyard, eagerly courting her detestation of him, in the hope he could also make her abominate herself. In the mortifications of flight he was expert; and being a man of talents, whom all companies, and especially her friends, respected, he did not begin by wasting that reverence so highly valued upon ineffectual remonstrances, of which he could foresee the reception, but wa-

kened her attention by his neglect of her. He spoke of her in her presence as of an indifferent person, sometimes forgetting even to name her when the subject required it; then would ask her pardon, and say that he "Really did not recollect her," with such seeming sorrow for his fault, that she could not think the offence intended, and of course felt the affront much more acutely.

While, with every other person she was the principle, the first cause upon whom a whole company depended for conversation, cards, musick, or dancing, with Mr. Sandford she found that she was of no importance. — Sometimes she tried to consider this disregard of her as merely the effect of ill-breeding; but he was not an ill-bred man: he was a gentleman by birth, and one who had kept the

the best company — a man of sense and learning. — “And can such a man slight me without knowing it?” she said — for she had not dived so deeply into the powers of simulation, as to suspect that such careless manners were the result of art.

This behaviour of Mr. Sandford had its desired effect — it humbled her in her own opinion more than a thousand sermons would have done preached on the vanity of youth and beauty. She felt an inward shame at their insignificance that she never knew before, and would have been cured of all her pride, had she not possessed a degree of spirit beyond the generality of her sex — such a degree of it as even Mr. Sandford, with all his penetration, did not expect. — She determined to resent his treatment, and, en-

tering the lists as his declared enemy; to give a reason to the world why he did not acknowledge her sovereignty, as well as the rest of her numerous subjects.

She now commenced hostilities against all his arguments, his learning, and his favourite axioms; and by a happy talent of ridicule, in want of other weapons for this warfare, she threw in the way of the holy Father as great trials of his patience as any that his order could have substituted in penance. Many things he bore like a martyr — at others, his fortitude would forsake him, and he would call on her guardian, his former pupil, to interpose with his authority: she would then declare that she only had acted thus “To try the good man’s temper,” and that if he had combated with his fretfulness a few minutes longer, she would

would have acknowledged his claim to canonization; but that having yielded to the fallies of his anger, he must now go through numerous other probations.

If Miss Fenton was admired by Dorriforth, by Sandford she was adored— and, instead of giving her as an example to Miss Milner, he spoke of her as of one endowed beyond her power of imitation. — Often, with a shake of his head and a sigh, would he say,

“ No, I am not so hard upon you as your guardian : I only desire you to love Miss Fenton ; to resemble her, I believe, is above your ability.”

This was too much — and poor Miss Woodley, who was generally a witness of these controversies, felt a degree of sorrow at every sentence of this kind which

distress her friend.—Yet as she suffered too for Mr. Sandford, the joy of her friend's reply was abated by the uneasiness it gave to *him*. But Mrs. Horton felt for none but the right reverend priest; and often did she feel so violently interested in his cause, that she could not refrain giving an answer herself in his behalf—thus doing the duty of an adversary with all the zeal of an advocate.

CHAP.

CHAPTER X.

MR. Sandford finding his friend Dorriforth frequently perplexed in the management of his ward, and he himself thinking her incorrigible, gave his counsel, that a suitable match should be immediately sought out for her, and the care of so dangerous a person given into other hands. Dorriforth acknowledged the propriety of this advice; but lamented the difficulty of pleasing his ward as to the quality of her lover; for she had refused, besides Sir Edward Ashton, many others of equal pretensions. — “Depend upon it then,” cried Sandford, “that her affections are engaged, and it is proper that you should know to whom.”

whom."—Dorriforth thought he knew, and mentioned Lord Frederick, but said that he had no farther authority for the supposition than what his observation had given him, for that every explanation both upon his and her side were evaded. — "Take her then," cried Sandford, "into the country, and if Lord Frederick should not follow, there is an end of your suspicions."—"I shall not easily prevail upon Miss Milner to leave town," replied he, "when it is in the highest fashion."—"You can but try," returned Sandford; "and if you should not succeed now, at least fix the time you mean to go during the autumn, and be firm to your determination."—"But in the autumn," replied Dorriforth, "Lord Frederick will of course be in the country; and as his uncle's estate is near our residence, he will not then so evidently
follow

follow her, as he would if I could induce her to go now."

It was agreed the attempt should be made.—Instead of receiving this abrupt proposal with uneasiness, Miss Milner, to the surprise of all present, immediately consented; and gave her guardian an opportunity of saying several of the kindest and politest things upon her ready compliance.

"A token of approbation from you, Mr. Dorriforth," returned she, "I always considered with the highest estimation — but your commendations are now become infinitely superior in value by their scarcity; for I do not believe that since Miss Fenton and Mr. Sandford came to town, I have received one testimony of your friendship."

Had

Had these words been uttered with pleasantry, they might have passed without observation; but at the conclusion of the period, resentment flew to Miss Milner's face, and she darted a piercing look at Mr. Sandford, which more pointedly expressed that she was angry with him, than if she had spoken volumes in her usual strain of railery.—Dorrisforth was confused — but the concern she had so plainly evinced for his good opinion throughout all that she had said, silenced any rebuke he might else have given her, for this unwarrantable charge against his friend. — Mrs. Horton was shocked at the irreverent manner in which Mr. Sandford was treated — and Miss Woodley turned to him with a benevolent smile upon her face, hoping to set him an example of the manner in which he should receive the

the reproach.—Her good wishes did not succeed—yet he was perfectly unruffled, and replied with coolness,

“The air of the country has affected the lady already—but it is a comfortable thing,” continued he, “that in the variety of humours to which some women are exposed, they cannot be uniform even in deceit.”

“Deceit!” cried Miss Milner, “in what am I deceitful? did I ever pretend that I had an esteem for you?”

“That would not have been deceit, Madam, but merely good manners.”

“I never, Mr. Sandford, sacrifice truth to politeness.”

“Except when the country has been proposed, and you thought it politeness to appear satisfied.”

“And I *was* satisfied, till I recollected that you might probably be of the

party — then, every grove was changed into a wilderness, every rivulet into a stagnated pool, and every singing bird into a croaking raven."

"A very poetical description," said he calmly. — "But, Miss Milner, you need not have had any apprehensions of *my* company in the country, for I understand the seat to which your guardian means to go, belongs to you; and you may depend upon it, Madam, that I shall never enter a house in which you are the mistress."

"Nor any house, I am certain, Mr. Sandford, but in which you are yourself the master."

"What do you mean Madam? (and for the first time he elevated his voice,) am I the master here?"

"Your servants," replied she, looking

ing at the company, "will not tell you so, but I do."

"You condescend," Mr. Sandford," cried Mrs. Horton, "in talking so much to a young woman; but I know you do it for her good."

"Well, Miss Milner," cried Dorri-forth, (and the most cutting thing he could say,) "since I find my proposal of the country has put you out of humour, I shall mention it no more."

With all that quantity of resentment, anger, or rage, which sometimes boiled in the veins of Miss Milner, she was yet never wanting in that respect towards her guardian, which withheld her from uttering one angry sentence, directed immediately to him; and a severe word of his, instead of exasperating, was sure to soften her. This was the case at present—

his words wounded her to the heart, but she had not the asperity to reply to them as she thought they merited, and she burst into tears.—Dorriforth, instead of being concerned, as he usually was at seeing her uneasy, appeared on the present occasion provoked.—He thought her weeping was a new reproach to his friend Mr. Sandford, and that to suffer himself to be moved by it, would be a tacit condemnation of his friend's conduct.—She understood his thoughts, and getting the better of her tears, apologised for her weakness; adding,

“She could never bear with indifference an unjust accusation.”

“To prove that mine was unjust, Madam,” replied Dorriforth; “be prepared to quit London, without any marks of regret, in a few days.”

She

She bowed assent; the necessary preparations were agreed upon; and while with apparent satisfaction she adjusted the plan of her journey, (like those who behave well, not so much to please themselves as to vex their enemies,) she secretly triumphed in the mortification she hoped that Mr. Sandford would receive from her obedient behaviour.

The news of this intended journey was of course very soon made public.— There is a secret charm in being pitied, when the misfortune is but ideal; and Miss Milner found infinite gratification in being told, “That her’s was a cruel case, and that it was unjust and barbarous to force so much beauty into concealment in the country, while London was filled with her admirers; who, like her,

her, would languish in consequence of her solitude." These things, and a thousand such, a thousand times repeated, she still listened to with pleasure; yet preserved the constancy not to shrink from her resolution of submitting.

Those involuntary sighs, however, that Miss Woodley had long ago observed, became still more frequent; and a tear half starting in her eye was an additional subject of her friend's observation. Yet though Miss Milner at those times was softened into melancholy, she by no means appeared unhappy. Her friend was acquainted with love only by name; yet she concluded from these increased symptoms, what she before only suspected, that *love* must be the foundation of her care. " Her senses have been captivated by the person and accomplishments

ments of Lord Frederick," said Miss Woodley to herself, "but her understanding compels her to see his faults, and reproaches her passion—And, oh!" cried she, "could her guardian and Mr. Sandford know of this conflict, how much would they have to admire; how little to condemn!"

With such friendly thoughts, and with the purest intentions, Miss Woodley did not fail to give both gentlemen reason to believe, a contention of this nature was the actual state of Miss Milner's mind. — Dorriforth was affected at the description, and Sandford urged more than ever the necessity of leaving town. — In a few days they departed; Mrs. Horton, Miss Woodley, Miss Milner, and Mr. Dorriforth, accompanied by Miss Fenton, whom Miss Milner,

knowing it the wish of her guardian, invited, for three months before her marriage, to her country seat.—Elmwood House, or rather Castle, the seat of Lord Elmwood, was only a few miles from this residence, and he was expected to pass great part of the summer there, with his tutor, Mr. Sandford.

In the neighbourhood was also (as it has been already said) an estate belonging to an uncle of Lord Frederick's, and most of the party suspected they should soon see him on a visit there. To that expectation they in great measure attributed Miss Milner's visible content.

CHAPTER XI.

WITH this party Miss Milner arrived at her country house, and for near six weeks, all around was the picture of tranquillity ;—her satisfaction was as evident as every other person's ; and all severe admonition being at this time unnecessary, either to tease her to her duty, or to warn her against her folly, she was even in perfect good humour with Miss Fenton, and added friendship to hospitality.

Mr. Sandford, who came with Lord Elmwood to the neighbouring seat, about a week after the arrival of Miss Milner at her's, was so scrupulously ex-

act in the observance of his word, "*Never to enter a house of Miss Milner's,*" that he would not even call upon his friend Dorriforth there—but in their walks, and at Lord Elmwood's, the two parties would occasionally join, and of course Sandford and she at those times met—yet so distant was the reserve on either side, that not a single word upon any occasion was ever exchanged between them.

Miss Milner did not like Mr. Sandford; yet as there was no real cause of inveterate rancour, admiring him too as a man who meant well, and being besides of a most forgiving temper, she frequently felt concerned that he did not speak to her, although it had been to find fault as usual—and one morning as they were all, after a long ramble, drawing

drawing towards her house, where Lord Elmwood was invited to dine, she could not restrain her tears at seeing Sandford turn back and wish them a " Good day."

But though she had the generosity to forgive an affront, she had not the humility to make a concession; and she foresaw that nothing less than some very humble atonement on her part would prevail upon the haughty priest to be reconciled. Dorriforth saw her concern upon this trifling occasion with a secret pleasure, and an admiration that she had never before excited. She once insinuated to him to be a mediator between them; but before any accommodation could take place, the peace and composure of their abode were disturbed by the arrival of Sir Edward Ashton at Lord

Elmwood's, where it appeared as if he had been invited in order to pursue his matrimonial plan.

At a dinner given by Lord Elmwood, Sir Edward was announced as an unexpected visitor; Miss Milner did not suppose him such, and she turned pale when his name was uttered.—Dorriforth fixed his eyes upon her with some tokens of compassion, while Sandford seemed to exult, and by his repeated “ Welcomes ” to the Baronet, gave evident proofs how much he was rejoiced to see him. All the declining enmity of Miss Milner was renewed at this behaviour, and suspecting Sandford as the instigator of the visit, she could not overcome her displeasure, but gave way to it in a manner she thought the most mortifying.—Sir Edward, in the course of
of

of conversation, enquired "What neighbours were in the country;" and she, with an appearance of high satisfaction, named Lord Frederick Lawnly as being hourly expected at his uncle's. The colour spread over Sir Edward's face—Dorriforth was confounded—and Mr. Sandford looked enraged.

"Did Lord Frederick tell *you* he should be down?" Sandford asked of Dorriforth.

To which he replied, "No."

"But I hope, Mr. Sandford, you will permit *me* to know?" said Miss Milner.—For as she now meant to torment him by what she said, she no longer constrained herself to silence—and as he had harboured the same kind intention towards her, he had no longer any objection to make a reply, and therefore answered,

“ No, madam, if it depended upon my permission, you should *not* know.”

“ Not *any thing*, Sir, I dare say;—you would keep me in utter ignorance.”

“ I would.”

“ From a self-interested motive, Mr. Sandford—that I might have a greater respect for you.

Some of the company laughed—Mrs. Horton coughed—Miss Woodley blushed—Lord Elmwood sneered—Dorriforth frowned—and Miss Fenton looked just as she did before.

The conversation was changed as soon as possible, and early in the evening the party from Milner Lodge returned home.

Miss

Miss Milner had scarce left her dressing room, where she had been taking off some part of her dress, when Doriforth's servant came to acquaint her that his master was alone in his study, and begged to speak with her.—She felt herself tremble—she immediately experienced a consciousness that she had not acted properly at Lord Elmwood's; for she felt a presentiment that her guardian was going to upbraid her, and her heart whispered that he had never yet reproached her without a cause.

Miss Woodley just then entered the apartment, and she found herself so much a coward, as to propose that she should go with her, and aid her with a word or two occasionally in her excuse.

“What

“What you, my dear,” returned Miss Woodley, “who not three hours ago had the courage to vindicate your own cause before a whole company, of whom many were your adversaries; do *you* want an advocate before your guardian alone, who has ever treated you with tenderness.”

“It is that very tenderness which frightens me; which intimidates, and strikes me dumb.—Is it possible I can return impertinence to the language and manners that Mr Dorriforth uses? and as I am debarred from that resource, what can I do but stand before him like a guilty creature, acknowledging my faults.”

She again entreated her friend to go with her; but on a positive refusal, from the impropriety of such an intrusion, she was obliged at length to go by herself.

How

How much does the difference of exterior circumstances influence not only the manners, but even the persons of some people!—Miss Milner in Lord Elmwood's drawing room, surrounded by listeners, by admirers, (for even her enemies could not look at her without admiration) and with animated approbation and applause—and Miss Milner, with no giddy observer to give her actions a false eclat, destitute of all but her own understanding, (which secretly condemns her) upon the point of receiving censure from her guardian and friend, are two different beings.—Though still beautiful beyond description, she does not look even in person the same.—In the last-mentioned situation, she was shorter in stature than in the former—she was paler—she was thinner—and a very different

different contour presided over her whole air, and all her features.

When she arrived at the door of the study, she opened it with a trepidation she could hardly account for, and entered to Dorriforth the altered woman she has been represented. His heart had taken the most decided part against her, and his face assumed the most severe aspect of reproach; but her appearance gave an instantaneous change to his whole mind, and countenance.

She halted, as if she feared to approach—he hesitated, as if he knew not how to speak.—Instead of the anger with which he was prepared to begin, his voice involuntarily softened, and without knowing what he said, he began,

“ My

“My dear Miss Milner.”—

She expected he was angry, and in her confusion his gentleness was lost upon her.—She imagined that what he said might be severe, and she continued to tremble, though he repeatedly assured her, that he meant only to advise, not upbraid her.

“For as to all those little disputes between Mr. Sandford and you,” said he, “I should be partial if I blamed you more than him—indeed, when you take the liberty of condemn him, his character makes the freedom appear in a more serious light than when he complains of you—and yet, if he provokes your retorts, he alone must answer for them; nor will I undertake to decide betwixt you.—But I have a question to ask you, and to which I require a serious and

and unequivocal answer.—Do you expect Lord Frederick in the country?”

Without hesitation she replied, “Sir, I do.”

“One more question I have to ask, madam, and to which I expect a reply equally unreserved.—Is Lord Frederick the man you approve for your husband?”

Upon this close interrogation she discovered an embarrassment, beyond any she had ever betrayed, and faintly replied,

“No, he is not.”

“Your words tell me one thing,” answered Dorriforth, “but your looks declare another—which am I to believe?”

“Which you please,” was her answer, with an insulted dignity, that astonished, without convincing him.

“But

“ But then why encourage him to follow you ~~hither~~ Miss Milner ?”

“ Why commit a thousand follies (she replied in tears) every hour of my life ?”

“ You then promote the hopes of Lord Frederick without one serious intention of completing them ? This is a conduct against which it is my duty to guard you, and you shall no longer deceive either him or yourself. The moment he arrives, it is my resolution that you refuse to see him, or agree to become his wife.”

In answer to the alternative thus offered, she appeared averse to both propositions ; and yet came to no explanation why ; but left her guardian at the end of the conference as much at a loss to decide upon her true sentiments, as he was before he had thus seriously request-
ed

ed that he might be informed of them; but having stedfastly taken the resolution which he had just communicated, he found that resolution a certain relief to his mind.

CHAPTER XII.

SIR Edward Ashton, though not invited by Miss Milner, yet frequently did himself the honour to visit her at her house; sometimes he accompanied Lord Elmwood, at others he came to see Dorriforth alone, who generally introduced him to the ladies. But Sir Edward was either so unwilling to give pain to the object of his love, or so intimidated by her frowns, that he seldom addressed her with a single word, except the usual compliments at entering, and retiring.—This apprehension of offending, without one hope of pleasing, had the most awkward effect upon the manners of the worthy Baronet; and his

endeavours to insinuate himself into the affections of the woman he loved, merely by not giving her offence either in speaking to her or looking at her, formed a character so whimsical, that it frequently forced a smile from Miss Milner, though his very name had often power to throw a gloom over her face: she looked upon him as the cause of being hurried to the election of a lover, before her own mind could well direct her where to fix.—Besides, his pursuit was troublesome, while it was no triumph to her vanity, which by the addresses of Lord Frederick, was in the highest manner gratified.

His Lordship now arrives in the country, and calls at Miss Milner's; her guardian sees his carriage coming up the avenue, and gives orders to the servants, to say
their

their lady is not at home, but that Mr. Dorriforth is; Lord Frederick leaves his compliments and goes away.

The ladies all observed his carriage and servants.—Miss Milner flew to her glass; adjusted her dress, and in her looks expressed every sign of palpitation—but in vain she keeps her eye fixed upon the door of the apartment; no Lord Frederick appears.

After some minutes of expectation, the door opens and her guardian comes in;—she was disappointed; he perceived that she was, and he looked at her with a very serious face;—she immediately called to mind the assurance he had given her, “That her acquaintance with Lord Frederick in its then improper state should not continue,” and between

chagrin and confusion, she was at a loss how to behave.

Though the ladies were all present, Dorriforth said, without the smallest reserve, "Perhaps, Mrs Milner, you may think I have taken an unwarrantable liberty, in giving orders to your servants to deny you to Lord Frederick ; but until his Lordship and I have had a private conference, or you condescend at once to declare your sentiments more fully in regard to his visits, I think it my duty to put an end to them."

"You will always perform your duty, Mr. Dorriforth, I have no doubt, whether I concur or not."

"Yet believe me, madam, I should perform it more chearfully, if I could
hope

hope that it was sanctioned by your inclinations."

"I am not mistress of my inclinations, Sir, or they should conform to yours."

"Place them under my direction, and I will answer for it they will."

A servant came in — "Lord Frederick is returned, Sir, and says he should be glad to see you." — "Shew him into the study," cried Dorriforth hastily, and rising from his chair, left the room.

"I hope they won't quarrel," said Mrs. Horton, meaning, that she thought they would.

"I am sorry to see you so uneasy, Miss Milner," said Miss Fenton, with perfect unconcern.

As the badness of the weather had prevented their usual morning's exercise, the ladies were employed at their needles till the dinner bell called them away.—“Do you think Lord Frederick is gone?” whispered Miss Milner to Miss Woodley.—“I think not,” she replied.—“Go ask of the servants, dear-creature.” And Miss Woodley went out of the room.—She soon returned and said, apart, “He is now getting into his chariot; I saw him pass in violent haste through the hall; he seemed to fly.”

“Ladies, the dinner is waiting,” cried Mrs. Horton, and they repaired to the dining room, where Dorriforth soon after came, and engrossed their whole attention by his disturbed looks, and unusual silence. Before dinner was over, he was, however, more himself, but still he appeared thoughtful and dissatisfied.

satisfied. At the time of their evening walk he excused himself, and they saw him in a distant field with Mr. Sandford in earnest conversation; for they often stopt on one spot for a quarter of an hour, as if the interest of the subject had so engaged them, they stood still without knowing it. Lord Elmwood, who had joined the ladies, walked home with them; Dorriforth entered soon after, in a much less gloomy humour than when he went out, and told his relation, that he and the ladies would dine with him the next day if he was disengaged; and it was agreed they should.

Still Dorriforth was in some perturbation, but the immediate cause was concealed till the day following, when, about an hour before the company's departure from the Castle, Miss Milner

and Miss Woodley were desired, by a servant, to walk into a separate apartment, in which they found Mr. Dorrisforth with Mr. Sandford waiting for them. Her guardian made an apology to Miss Milner for the form, the ceremony, of which he was going to make use; but he trusted, the extreme weight which oppressed his mind, lest he should mistake the real sentiments of a person whose happiness depended upon his correct knowledge of them, would plead his excuse.

“ I know, Miss Milner,” continued he, “ the world in general allows to unmarried women great latitude in disguising their mind with respect to the man they love. — I too, am willing to pardon any little dissimulation that is but consistent with a modesty that becomes every woman upon the subject of marriage. But here, to what point I may

may limit, or you may extend, this kind of venial deceit, may so widely differ, that it is not impossible for me to remain unacquainted with your sentiments, even after you have revealed them to me. — Under this consideration, I wish once more to hear your thoughts in regard to matrimony, and to hear them before one of your own sex, that I may form an opinion by her constructions.”

To all this serious oration, Miss Milner made no other reply than by turning to Mr. Sandford, and asking, “ If he was the person of her own sex, to whose judgement her guardian was to submit his own ?”

“ Madam,” cried Sandford angrily, “ you are come hither upon serious business.”

“ Any business must be serious to me, Mr. Sandford, in which you are concerned ;

concerned; and if you had called it *for-*
rowful, the epithet would have suited as
well."

"Miss Milner," said her guardian,
"I did not bring you here to contend
with Mr. Sandford."

"Then why, Sir, bring him hither?
for where he and I are, there must be
contention."

"I brought him hither, Madam, or,
I should rather say, brought you to this
house, merely that he might be present
on this occasion, and with his discern-
ment relieve me from a suspicion, that
my own judgement is neither able to
suppress nor to confirm."

"Are there any more witnesses you
may wish to call in, Sir, to remove your
doubts of my veracity? if there are,
pray send for them before you begin
your interrogations."

He shook his head—he continued.

“The whole world is welcome to hear what I say, and every different person is welcome to judge me differently.”

“Dear Miss Milner”—cried Miss Woodley, with a tone of reproach for the vehemence with which she spoke.

“Perhaps, Miss Milner,” said Dorisforth, “you will not now reply to those questions I was going to put?”

“Did I ever refuse, Sir,” returned she with a self-approving air, “to comply with any request that you have seriously made? Have I ever refused obedience to your commands whenever you thought proper to lay them upon me? If not, you have no right to suppose that I will now.”

He was going to reply, when Mr. Sandford suddenly interrupted him, and making towards the door, cried, “When
you

you come to the point for which you brought me here, send for me again."

"Stay now," said Dorriforth.—"And Miss Milner," continued he, "I not only entreat, but command you to tell me—have you given your word, or your affections to Lord Frederick Lawley?"

The colour spread over her face, and she replied—"I thought confessions were always to be in secret; however, as I am not a member of your church, I submit to the persecution of a heretic, and I answer—Lord Frederick has neither my word, nor any share in my affections."

Sandford, Dorriforth, and Miss Woodley looked at each other with a surprise that for some time kept them silent.—At length Dorriforth said, "And it is

your

your firm intention never to become his wife?"

To which she answered — "At present it is."

"At present! do you suspect you shall change your sentiments?"

"Women sometimes do."

"But before that change can take place, your acquaintance will be at an end: for it is that which I shall next insist upon, and to which you can have no objection."

She replied, "I had rather it should continue."

"On what account?" cried Dorri-forth.

"Because it entertains me."

"For shame, for shame!" returned he; "it endangers your character and your happiness. — Yet again, do not suffer me to interfere, if the breaking
3 with

with Lord Frederick can militate against your felicity."

"By no means," she answered; "Lord Frederick makes part of my amusement, but could never constitute my felicity."

"Miss Woodley," said Dorriforth, "do you comprehend your friend in the same literal and unequivocal sense that I do?"

"Certainly I do, Sir."

"And pray, Miss Woodley," said he, "were those the sentiments which you have always entertained?"

Miss Woodley hesitated—he continued. "Or has this conversation altered them?"

She hesitated again, then answered— "This conversation has altered them."

"And

"And yet you confide in it!" cried Sandford, looking at her with contempt.

"Certainly I do," replied Miss Woodley.

"Do not you then, Mr. Sandford?" asked Dorriforth.

"I would advise you to act as if I did," replied Sandford.

"Then, Miss Milner," said Dorriforth, "you see Lord Frederick no more—and I hope I have your permission to apprize him of this arrangement.

"You have, Sir," she replied with a completely unembarrassed countenance and voice.

Her friend looked at her as if to discover some lurking wish, adverse to all these protestations, but she could not discern one. — Sandford too fixed his penetrating eyes upon her, as if he would

would look through her soul, but finding it perfectly composed, he cried out, “Why then not write his dismissal herself, and save you, Mr. Dorriforth, the trouble of any farther contest with him?”

“Indeed, Miss Milner,” said Dorriforth, “that would oblige me; for it is with great reluctance that I meet him upon this subject—he was extremely impatient and importunate when he was last with me—he took advantage of my ecclesiastical situation to treat me with a levity and ill breeding, that I could ill have suffered upon any other consideration than a compliance with my duty.”

“Dictate what you please, Mr. Dorriforth, and I will write it,” said she, with a warmth like the most unaffected inclination. — “And while you, Sir,” she continued, “are so indulgent as not

to distress me with the importunities of any gentleman to whom I am averse, I think myself equally bound to rid you of the impertinence of every one to whom you may have objection."

"But," answered he, "be assured I have no material objection to my Lord Frederick, except from that dilemma, in which your acquaintance with him has involved us all; and I should conceive the same against any other man, where the same circumstance occurred.—

As you have now, however, freely and politely consented to the manner in which it has been proposed that you shall break with him, I will not trouble you a moment longer upon a subject on which I have so frequently explained my wishes, but conclude it by assuring you, that your ready acquiescence has given me the sincerest satisfaction."

"I hope, Mr. Sandford," said she, turning to him with a smile, "I have given you satisfaction likewise?"

Sandford could not say yes, and was ashamed to say no; he, therefore, made no answer except by his looks, which were full of suspicion. She, notwithstanding, made him a very low courtesy. — Her guardian then handed her out of the apartment into her coach, which was waiting to take her, Miss Woodley, and himself, home.

CHAPTER XIII.

Notwithstanding the seeming readiness with which Miss Milner had resigned all farther acquaintance with Lord Frederick, during the short ride home she appeared to have lost great part of her wonted spirits; she was thoughtful, and once sighed heavily. Dorriforth began to fear that she had not only made a sacrifice of her affections, but of her veracity; yet, why she had done so, he could not comprehend.

As the carriage moved slowly through a lane between Elmwood Castle and her own house, on casting her eyes out of the window, Miss Milner's countenance was

L 2

brightened

brightened in an instant, and that instant Lord Frederick, on horse back, was at the coach door, and the coachman stooped.

"Oh, Miss Milner," cried he, (with a voice and manner that could give little suspicion of the truth of what he said) "I am overjoyed at the happiness of seeing you, even though it is but an accidental meeting."

She was evidently glad to see him; but the earnestness with which he spoke, put her upon her guard not to express the like, and she said, in a cool constrained manner, she "Was glad to see his Lordship."

The reserve with which she spoke, gave Lord Frederick immediate suspicion who was in the coach with her, and turning his head quickly, he met the

the stern eye of Dorriforth; upon which, without the smallest salutation, he turned from him again abruptly and rudely.

Miss Milner was confused, and Miss Woodley in torture, at this palpable affront, to which Dorriforth alone appeared indifferent.

“Go on,” said Miss Milner to the footman, “desire the coachman to drive on.”

“No,” cried Lord Frederick, “not till you have told me when I shall see you again.”

“I will write you word, my Lord,” replied she, something alarmed. “You shall have a letter immediately after I get home.”

As if he guessed what its contents were to be, he cried out with warmth, “Take care, then, Madam, how you treat me in that letter—and you, Mr. Dorriforth,”

turning to him, "do you take care what it contains; for if it is dictated by you, to you I shall send the answer."

Dorriforth, without making any reply, or casting a look at him, put his head out of the window on the opposite side, and called, in a very angry tone, to the coachman, "How dare you not drive on, when your Lady orders you?"

The sound of Dorriforth's voice in anger, was to the servants so unusual, that it acted like electricity upon the man, and he drove on at the instant with such rapidity, that Lord Frederick was in a moment left many yards behind. As soon, however, as he recovered from the surprise into which this sudden command had thrown him, he rode with speed after the carriage, and followed it, till it arrived at the door of Miss Milner's house; there, giving himself up to the rage of
love,

love, or to rage against Dorriforth for the contempt he had shewn to him, he leapt from his horse when Miss Milner stepped from her carriage, and seizing her hand, entreated her "Not to desert him, in compliance with the injunctions of monkish hypocrisy."

Dorriforth heard this, standing silently by, with a manly scorn painted upon his countenance.

Miss Milner struggled to loose her hand, saying, "Excuse me from replying to you now, my Lord."

In return, he lifted her hand eagerly to his lips, and began to devour it with kisses; when Dorriforth, with an instantaneous impulse, rushed forward, and struck him a violent blow in the face.—Under the force of this assault, and the astonishment it excited, Lord Frederick staggered, and letting

fall the hand of Miss Milner, her guardian immediately laid hold of it, and led her into the house.

She was terrified beyond description; and with extreme difficulty Mr. Dorri-forth conveyed her to her own chamber, without taking her in his arms. When, by the assistance of her maid, he had placed her upon a sofa—all shame and confusion for what he had done, he fell upon his knees before her, and earnestly “Entreated her forgiveness for the indelicacy he had been guilty of in her presence.”—And that he had alarmed her, and had forgot the respect which he thought sacredly her due, seemed the only circumstance which then dwelt upon his thoughts.

She

She felt the indecorum of the posture he had condescended to take, and was shocked.—To see her guardian at her feet, struck her with a sense of impropriety, as if she had seen a parent there.—All agitation and emotion, she implored him to rise, and, with a thousand protestations, declared, “That she thought the rashness of the action was the highest proof of his regard for her.”

Miss Woodley now entered; her care being ever employed upon the unfortunate, Lord Frederick had been the object of it: she had waited by his side, and, with every good purpose, had preached patience to him, while he was smarting under the pain, but more under the shame, of his chastisement.—At first, his fury threatened a retort upon the servants around him (and who refused

fused his entrance into the house) of the punishment he had received.—But, in the certainty of an *amende honorable*, which must hereafter be made, he overcame the many temptations which the moment offered, and re-mounting his horse, rode away from the scene of his disgrace.

No sooner had Miss Woodley entered the room, and Dorriforth had resigned to her the care of his ward, than he flew to the spot where he had left Lord Frederick, negligent of what might be the event if he still remained there.—After enquiring, and being told that he was gone, Dorriforth returned to his own apartment, and with a bosom torn by more excruciating sensations than those which he had given to his adversary.

The

The reflection that struck him first with remorse, as he shut the door upon himself, was this :—" I have departed from my character—from the sacred character, and the dignity of my profession and sentiments—I have departed from myself.—— I am no longer the philosopher, but the ruffian—I have treated with an unpardonable insult a young nobleman, whose only offence was love, and a fond desire to insinuate himself into the favour of his mistress.— I must atone for this outrage in whatever manner he may choose; and the law of honour and of justice (though in this one instance contrary to the law of religion) enjoins, that if he demands my life in satisfaction for his wounded feelings, it is his due. Alas! that I could have laid it down this morning,

unful-

unfulfilled with a cause for which it will make but inadequate atonement.

His next reproach was—"I have offended, and filled with horror, a beautiful young woman, whom it was my duty to have protected from those brutal manners, to which I myself have exposed her."

Again—"I have drawn upon myself the just upbraidings of my faithful preceptor and friend; of the man in whose judgement it was my delight to be approved—above all, I have drawn upon myself the stings of my own conscience."

"Where shall I pass this sleepless night?" cried he, walking repeatedly across his chamber; "Can I go to the ladies? I am unworthy of their society.—Shall I go and repose my disturbed mind

mind on Sandford? I am ashamed to tell him the cause of my uneasiness.— Shall I go to Lord Frederick, and humbling myself before him, beg his forgiveness? He would spurn me for a coward.—No”——(and he lifted up his eyes to Heaven) “Thou all great, all wise and omnipotent Being, Thou whom I have most offended, it is to Thee alone that I have recourse in this hour of tribulation, and from Thee alone I solicit comfort.—And the confidence in which I now address myself to Thee, encouraged by that long intercourse which religion has effected, repays me amply in this one moment, for the many years of my past life, devoted with my best, though imperfect, efforts to thy service.”

CHAPTER XIV.

ALTHOUGH Miss Milner had not foreseen any fatal event resulting from the indignity offered to Lord Frederick, yet she passed a night very different from those to which she had been accustomed. No sooner was she falling into a sleep, than a thousand vague, but distressing, ideas darted across her imagination.—Her heart would sometimes whisper to her when she was half asleep, “Lord Frederick is banished from you for ever.”—She shakes off the uneasiness this idea brings along with it—she then starts, and sees the blow still aimed at him by Dorriforth.—And no sooner has she driven away this painful image, than
she

she is again awakened by seeing her guardian at her feet sueing for pardon.— She sighs, she trembles, and is chilled with terror.

Relieved by tears, towards the morning she sinks into a slumber, but waking, finds the same images crowding all together upon her mind :—she is doubtful to which to give the preference—one, however, rushes the foremost, and continues so.—She knows not the fatal consequence of ruminating, nor why she dwells upon that, more than upon all the rest, but it will give place to none.

She rises languid and disordered, and at breakfast, adds fresh pain to Dorriforth by her altered appearance.

He had scarce left the room, when an officer waited upon him with a challenge from

from Lord Frederick. To the message delivered by this gentleman, he replied,

“ Sir, as a clergyman, more especially in the church of Rome, I know not whether I am not exempt from answering a demand of this kind ; but not having had forbearance to avoid an offence, I have no claim to an exemption that would only indemnify me from making reparation.”

“ You will then, Sir, meet Lord Frederick at the appointed hour ?” said the officer.

“ I will, Sir ; and my immediate care shall be to find a gentleman who will accompany me.”

The officer withdrew, and when Dorri-forth was again alone, he was going once more to reflect, but he durst not.—Since
yesterday,

yesterday, reflection, for the first time, was become painful to him; and even as he rode the short way to Lord Elmwood's immediately after, he found his own thoughts were so insufferable, that he was obliged to enter into conversation with his servant. Solitude, that formerly charmed him, would, at those moments, have been worse than death.

At Lord Elmwood's, he met Sandford in the hall, and the sight of him was no longer welcome—he knew how different the principles which he had just adopted were to those of that reverend friend, and without his complaining, or even suspecting what had happened, his presence was a sufficient reproach. — He passed him as hastily as he could, and enquiring for Lord Elmwood, disclosed to him his errand. It was to

ask him that he would be his second ;—the young Earl started, and wished to consult his tutor, but that, his kinsman strictly forbade ; and having urged his reasons with arguments, which at least *he* could not refute, he was at length prevailed upon to promise that he would accompany him to the field, which was at the distance only of a few miles, and the parties were to be there at seven on the same evening.

As soon as his business with Lord Elmwood was settled, Dorriforth returned home, to make preparations for the event which might ensue from this meeting.—He wrote letters to several of his friends, and one to his ward, in writing which, he could with difficulty preserve the usual firmness of his mind.

Sandford going into Lord Elmwood's library soon after his relation had left him, expressed his surprise at finding that he was gone ; upon which that nobleman, after answering a few questions, and giving a few significant hints that he was entrusted with a secret, frankly confessed, what he had given his promise to conceal.

Sandford, as much as a holy man could be, was enraged at Dorriforth for the cause of the challenge, but was still more enraged at his wickedness in accepting it. — He applauded his pupil's virtue in making the discovery, and congratulated himself that he should be the instrument of saving not only his friend's life, but of preventing the scandal of his being engaged in a duel.

In the ardour of his designs, he went immediately to Miss Milner's—entered that house which he had so long refused to enter, and at a time when he was upon aggravated bad terms with its owner.

He asked for Dorriforth, went hastily into his apartment, and poured upon him a torrent of rebukes.—Dorriforth bore all he said with the patience of a devotee, but with the firmness of a man.—He owned his fault, but no eloquence could make him recall the promise he had given to repair the injury.—Unshaken by the arguments, persuasions, and menaces of Sandford, he gave an additional proof of that inflexibility for which he had been distinguished—and after a dispute of two hours, they parted, neither of them the better for what either had advanced,
but

but Dorriforth something the worse; his conscience gave testimony to Sandford's opinion, "That he was bound by ties more sacred than worldly honour." But while he owned, he would not yield to the duty.

Sandford left him, determined, however, that Lord Elmwood should not be accessory in his guilt, and this he declared; upon which Dorriforth took the resolution of seeking another second.

In passing through the house on his return home, Sandford met, by accident, Mrs. Horton, Miss Milner, and the other two ladies returning from a saunter in the garden.—Surprised at the sight of Mr. Sandford in her house, Miss Milner would not express that surprise, but going up to him with all the friendly

M 3 benevolence

benevolence which in general played about her heart, she took hold of one of his hands, and pressed it with a kindness which told him that he was welcome more forcibly, than if she had made the most elaborate speech to convince him of it. — He, however, seemed little touched with her behaviour, and as an excuse for breaking his word, cried,

“ I beg your pardon, madam, but I was brought hither in my anxiety to prevent murder.”

“ Murder !” exclaimed all the ladies.

“ Yes,” answered he, addressing himself to Miss Fenton, “ your betrothed husband is a party concerned; he is going to be second to Mr. Dorriforth, who means this very evening to be killed by my Lord Frederick, or to kill him,

him, in addition to the blow that he gave him last night."

Mrs. Horton exclaimed, "If Mr. Dorriforth dies, he dies a martyr."

Miss Woodley cried with fervour, "Heaven forbid!"

Miss Fenton cried, "Dear me!"

While Miss Milner, without uttering one word, sunk speechless on the floor."

They lifted her up and brought her to the door which entered the garden. She soon recovered; for the tumult of her mind would not suffer her to remain inactive, and she was roused, in spite of her weakness, to endeavour to ward off the impending disaster.—In vain, however, she attempted to walk to her guardian's apartment—she sunk as before, and was taken to a settee, while

Miss Woodley was dispatched to bring him to her.

Informed of the cause of her indisposition, he followed Miss Woodley with a tender anxiety for her health, and with grief and confusion that he had so carelessly endangered it.— On his entering the room Sandford beheld the inquietude of his mind, and cried, “Here is your *Guardian*,” with a cruel emphasis on the word.

He was too much engaged by the sufferings of his ward to reply to Sandford.—He placed himself on the settee by her, and with the utmost tenderness, reverence, and pity, entreated her not to be concerned at an accident in which he, and he alone, had been to blame ; but which he had no doubt would be accommodated in the most amicable manner.

"I have one favour to require of you, Mr. Dorriforth," said she, "and that is, your promise, your solemn promise, which I know is ever sacred, that you will not meet my Lord Frederick." He hesitated.

"Oh, Madam," cried Sandford, "he is grown a libertine now, and I would not believe his word, if he were to give it you."

"Then, Sir," returned Dorriforth angrily, "you *may* believe my word, for I will keep that which I gave to you. --I will give Lord Frederick all the restitution in my power. --But my dear Miss Milner, let not this alarm you; we may not find it convenient to meet this many a day; and most probably some fortunate explanation may prevent our meeting at all. If not, reckon but among

among the many duels that are fought, how few are fatal ; and even in that case, how small would be the loss to society, if——” He was proceeding.

“ I should ever deplore the loss !” cried Miss Milner ; “ In such a case I could not survive the death of either.”

“ For my part,” he replied, “ I look upon my life as much forfeited to my Lord Frederick, to whom I have given a high offence, as it might in other instances have been forfeited to the offended laws of the land. Honour, is the law of the polite part of the land ; we know it ; and when we transgress against it knowingly, we justly incur our punishment.—However, Miss Milner, this affair will not be settled immediately, and I have no doubt, but that all will be as you could wish.—Do you think I should appear thus easy,” added he with a smile,

smile, "if I were going to be shot at by my Lord Frederick ;"

"Very well !" cried Sandford, with a look that evinced he was better informed.

"You will stay within then, all this day ?" said Miss Milner.

"I am engaged to dinner," he replied ; "it is unlucky—I am sorry for it—but I'll be at home early in the evening."

"Stained with human blood," cried Sandford, "or yourself a corpse."

The ladies lifted up their hands!—Miss Milner rose from her seat, and threw herself at her guardian's feet.

"You knelt to me last night, I now kneel to you," (she cried) "kneel, never desiring to rise again, if you persist in your intention.—I am weak, I am volatile, I am indiscreet, but I have a heart

heart from which some impressions can never,—oh! never, be erased.

He endeavoured to raise her, she persisted to kneel—and here the affright, the terror, the anguish, she endured, discovered to her her own sentiments—which, till that moment, she had doubted—and she continued,

“I no longer pretend to conceal my passion—I love Lord Frederick Lawnly.”

Her guardian started.

“Yes, to my shame I love him:” (cried she, all emotion) “I meant to have struggled with the weakness, because I supposed it would be displeasing to you—but apprehension for his safety has taken away every power of restraint, and I beseech you to spare his life.”

“This

"This is exactly what I thought," cried Sandford, with an air of triumph.

"Good heaven!" cried Miss Woodley.

"But it is very natural," said Mrs. Horton.

"I own," said Dorriforth, (struck with amaze, and now taking her from his feet with a force that she could not resist) "I own, Miss Milner, I am greatly affected and wounded at this contradiction in your character."—

"But did not I say so?" cried Sandford, interrupting him.

"However," continued he, "you may take my word, though you have deceived me in your's, that Lord Frederick's life is secure.—For your sake, I would not endanger it for the universe.—

verse. — But let this be a warning to you" ———

He was proceeding with the most austere looks, and pointed language, when observing the shame, and the self reproach that agitated her mind, he divested himself in great measure of his resentment, and said, mildly,

"Let this be a warning to you, how you deal in future with the friends who wish you well. — You have hurried me into a mistake that might have cost me my life, or the life of the man you love; and thus exposed *you* to misery, more bitter than death."

"I am not worthy of your friendship, Mr. Dorriforth," said she, sobbing with grief, "and from this moment forsake me."

"No, Madam, not in the moment
you

you first discover to me, how I can make you happy."

The conversation appearing now to become of a nature in which the rest of the company could have no share whatever, they were all, except Mr. Sandford, retiring; when Miss Milner called Miss Woodley back, saying, "Stay you with me; I was never so unfit to be left without your friendship."

"Perhaps at present you can dispense with mine?" said Dorriforth. She made no answer. He then, once more assured her Lord Frederick's life was safe, and was quitting the room — but when he recollected in what humiliation he had left her, turning towards her as he opened the door, he added,

"And be assured, Madam, that my
3 esteem

esteem for you, shall be the same as ever."

Sandford, as he followed, bowed, and repeated the same words—"And, Madam, be assured that *my esteem for you, shall be the same as ever.*"

CHAPTER XV.

THIS taunting reproof from Sandford made little impression upon Miss Milner, whose thoughts were all fixed on a subject of much more importance than the opinion which he entertained of her. — She threw her arms about her friend the moment they were left alone, and asked, with anxiety, “What she thought of her behaviour?” Miss Woodley, who could not approve of the duplicity she had betrayed, still wished to reconcile her as much as possible to her own conduct, and replied, she “Highly commended the frankness with which she had, at last, acknowledged her sentiments.”

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“Frank-

“ Frankness !” cried Miss Milner, starting. “ Frankness, my dear Miss Woodley ! — What you have just now heard me say, is all a falsehood.”

“ How, Miss Milner !”

“ Oh, Miss Woodley,” returned she, sobbing upon her bosom, “ pity the agonies of my heart, my heart, by nature sincere, when such are the fatal propensities it cherishes, that I must submit to the grossest falsehoods rather than reveal the truth.”

“ What can you mean ?” cried Miss Woodley, with the strongest amazement in her face.

“ Do you suppose I love Lord Frederick ?” Do you suppose I *can* love him ? — Oh fly, and prevent my guardian from telling him such an untruth.”

“ What can you mean ?” repeated Miss Woodley ; “ I protest you terrify me.”

me.”—For this inconsistency in the behaviour of Miss Milner, appeared as if her senses had been deranged.

“Fly,” she resumed, “and prevent the inevitable ill consequence which will ensue, if Lord Frederick should be told this falsehood.—It will involve us all in greater disquiet than we suffer at present.”

“Then what has influenced you, my dear Miss Milner?”

“That which impels all my actions—an unfurmoutable instinct—a fatality, that will for ever render me the most miserable of human beings; and yet you, even you, my dear Miss Woodley, will not pity me.”

Miss Woodley pressed her closely in her arms, and vowed, “That while she was unhappy, from whatever cause, she still would pity her.”

“Go to Mr. Dorriforth then, and prevent him from imposing upon Lord Frederick.”

“But that imposition is the only means of preventing the duel,” replied Miss Woodley. “The moment I have told him that your affection was but counterfeited, he will no longer refuse accepting the challenge.”

“Then at all events I am undone,” exclaimed Miss Milner, “for the duel is horrible, even beyond every thing else.”

“How so?” returned Miss Woodley, “since you have declared you do not care for Lord Frederick?”

“But are you so blind,” returned Miss Milner with a degree of madness in her looks, “as to believe I do not care for Mr. Dorriforth? Oh! Miss Woodley! I love him with all the passion
of

of a mistress, and with all the tenderness of a wife.

Miss Woodley at this sentence sat down—it was on a chair that was close to her—her feet could not have taken her to any other.—She trembled—she was white as ashes, and deprived of speech. Miss Milner, taking her by the hand, said,

“ I know what you feel—I know what you think of me—and how much you hate and despise me.—But Heaven is witness to all my struggles—nor would I, even to myself, acknowledge the shameless prepossessions, till forced by a sense of his danger”——

“ Silence.” Cried Miss Woodley, struck with horror.

“ And even now,” resumed Miss Milner, “ have I not concealed it from

all but you, by plunging myself into a new difficulty, from which I know not how I shall be extricated?—And can I entertain a hope? No, Miss Woodley, nor ever will.—But suffer me to own my folly to you—to entreat your soothing friendship to free me from my weakness.—And, oh! give me your friendly advice, to deliver me from the difficulties which surround me.”

Miss Woodley was still pale, and still silent.

Education, is called second nature; in the strict (but not enlarged) education of Miss Woodley, it was more powerful than the first—and the violation of oaths, persons, or things consecrated to Heaven, was, in her opinion, if not the most enormous, yet the most revolting in the catalogue of crimes.

Miss

Miss Milner had lived so long in a family who had imbibed those opinions, that she was convinced of their existence; nay, her own reason told her that solemn vows of any kind, ought to be sacred; and the more she respected her guardian's understanding, the less did she call in question his religious tenets—in esteeming him, she esteemed all his notions; and among the rest, venerated even those of his religion.—Yet that passion, which had unhappily taken possession of her whole soul, would not have been inspired, had there not subsisted an early difference, in their systems of divine faith.—Had she been early taught what were the sacred functions of a Roman ecclesiastic, though all her esteem, all her admiration, had been attracted by the qualities and accomplishments of her guardian, yet educa-

tion would have given such a prohibition to her love, that she would have been precluded from it, as by that barrier which divides a sister from a brother.

This, unfortunately, was not the case; and Miss Milner loved Dorriforth without one conscious check to tell her she was wrong, except that which convinced her, that her love would be avoided by him with detestation, and with horror.

Miss Woodley, something recovered from her first surprise, and sufferings— (for never did her susceptible mind suffer so exquisitely)—amidst all her grief and abhorrence, felt that pity was still predominant — and reconciled to the faults of Miss Milner by her misery, she
once

once more looked at her with friendship, and asked, "What she could do to render her less unhappy?"

"Make me forget," replied Miss Milner, "every moment of my past life since I first saw you—that moment was teeming with a weight of cares, under which I must labour till my death."

"And even in death," replied Miss Woodley, "do not hope to shake them off.—If unrepented in this world"——

She was proceeding—but the anxiety her friend endured, would not suffer her to be free from the apprehension, that (notwithstanding the positive assurance of her guardian) if he and Lord Frederick should meet, the duel might still take place; she therefore rang the bell and enquired if Mr. Dorriforth was still at home?—the answer was—"He had rode

rode out."—You remember said Miss Woodley, "he told you he should dine from home."—This did not, however, dismiss her fears, and she dispatched two servants different ways in pursuit of him, acquainting them with her suspicions, and charging them to prevent the duel. Sandford had also taken his precautions; but though he knew the time, he did not know the exact place of their appointment, for that Lord Elmwood had forgot to enquire.

The excessive alarm which Miss Milner discovered upon this occasion, was imputed by the servants, and by others who were witnesses of it, to her affection for Lord Frederick; while none but Miss Woodley knew, or had the most distant suspicion of the real cause.

Mrs.

Mrs. Horton and Miss Fenton, who were sitting together expatiating on the duplicity of their own sex in the instance just before them, had, notwithstanding the interest of the discourse, a longing desire to break it off; for they were impatient to see this poor frail being whom they were loading with their *innocent* (as it was among friends) calumny. They longed to see if she would have the confidence to look them in the face: them, to whom she had so often protested, that she had not the smallest attachment to Lord Frederick, but from motives of vanity.

These ladies heard with infinite satisfaction that dinner had been served, but met Miss Milner at the table with a less degree of pleasure than they had expected; for her mind was so totally abstracted

stracted from them, that they could not discern a single blush, or confused glance, which their presence occasioned. No, she had before them divulged nothing of which she was ashamed; she was only ashamed that what she had said was not true. In the bosom of Miss Woodley alone was that secret entrusted which could call a blush into her face, and before her, she *did* feel confusion—before the gentle friend, to whom she had till this time communicated all her faults without embarrassment, she now cast down her eyes in shame.

Soon after the dinner was removed, Lord Elmwood entered; and that gallant young nobleman declared—“Mr. Sandford had used him ill, in not permitting him to accompany his relation; for he feared, that Mr. Dorriforth would

would now throw himself upon the sword of Lord Frederick, without a single friend near to defend him."—A rebuke from the eye of Miss Woodley, which, from this day forward, had a command over Miss Milner, restrained her from expressing the affright she suffered from this intimation.—Miss Fenton replied, "As to that, my Lord, I see no reason why Mr. Dorriforth and Lord Frederick should not now be friends."—"Certainly," said Mrs. Horton; "for as soon as my Lord Frederick is made acquainted with Miss Milner's confession, all differences must be reconciled."—"What confession?" asked Lord Elmwood.

Miss Milner, to avoid hearing a repetition of that which gave her pain even to recollect, rose in order to retire into her own apartment, but was obliged

to

to sit down again, till she received the assistance of her friend and Lord Elmwood, who led her into her dressing room. She reclined upon a sofa there, and though left alone with her friend, a silence followed of half an hour; nor when the conversation began, was the name of Dorriforth once uttered—they were grown cool and considerate since the discovery, and both were equally fearful of naming him.

The vanity of the world, the folly of riches, the charms of retirement, and such topics engaged their discourse, (but not their thoughts) for near two hours; and the first time the word Dorriforth was spoken, was by a servant, who with alacrity opened the dressing room door, without previously rapping, and cried, “Mr. Dorriforth, Madam.”

Dorri-

Dorriforth immediately came in, and went eagerly to Miss Milner.—Miss Woodley beheld the glow of joy and of guilt upon her face, and did not rise to give him her seat, as was her custom, if she was sitting by his ward when he came with intelligence to her.—He therefore stood while he repeated all that happened in his interview with Lord Frederick.

But with her gladness to see her guardian safe, she had forgot to enquire of the safety of Lord Frederick; of the man whom she had pretended to love so passionately—even smiles of rapture were upon her face, though Dorriforth might be returned from putting him to death. This incongruity of behaviour Miss Woodley observed, and was confounded
—but

—but Dorriforth, in whose thoughts a suspicion either of her love for him, or indifference for Lord Frederick, had no place, easily reconciled this inconsistency, and said,

“ You see by my countenance that all is well, and therefore you smile on me before I tell you what has passed.”

This brought her to the recollection of her conduct, and now with looks ill constrained, she attempted the expression of an alarm she did not feel.”

“ Nay, I assure you Lord Frederick is safe,” he resumed, “ and the disgrace of his blow washed entirely away, by a few drops of blood from his arm.” And he laid his hand upon his left arm, which rested in his waistcoat as a kind of sling.

She cast her eyes there, and seeing

where

where the ball had entered the coat sleeve, she gave an involuntary scream, and sunk upon the sofa. Instead of that affectionate sympathy which Miss Woodley used to exert upon her slightest illness or affliction, she now addressed her in a sharp tone, and said, "Miss Milner, you have heard Lord Frederick is safe, you have therefore nothing to alarm you." — Nor did she run to offer a smelling bottle, or to raise her head. Her guardian seeing her near fainting, and without any assistance from her friend, was going himself to give it; but on this, Miss Woodley interfered, and having taken her head upon her arm, assured him, "It was a weakness to which Miss Milner was accustomed: that she would ring for her maid, who knew how to relieve her instantly with a few drops." — Satisfied with this, Dorriforth

left the room; and a surgeon being come to examine his wound, he retired into his own chamber.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE power delegated by the confessional to the keeper of their secrets, this Woodley was the last person on earth to abuse—but she was also the last, who, by an accompanying complacency, would participate in the guilt of her friend—and there was no guilt, except that of murder, which she thought equal to the crime in question, it was ever perpetrated—Adultery, reason would perhaps have informed her, was a more pernicious evil to society; but in a religious mind, what found is to hold as **CHAP-** false as justice? Of vows made to God or to man, the former must weigh the heavier.—Moreover, the sin of infidelity

CHAPTER XVI.

THE power delegated by the confidential to the keeper of their secrets, Miss Woodley was the last person on earth to abuse—but she was also the last, who, by an accommodating complacency, would participate in the guilt of her friend—and there was no guilt, except that of murder, which she thought equal to the crime in question, if it was ever perpetrated.—Adultery, reason would perhaps have informed her, was a more pernicious evil to society; but to a religious mind, what sound is so horrible as *sacrilege*? Of vows made to God or to man, the former must weigh the heaviest.—Moreover, the sin of infidelity

in the married state, is not a little softened to common understandings, by the frequency of that crime; whereas, of religious vows broken by a devotee she had never heard; unless where the offence had been followed by such examples of divine vengeance, such miraculous punishments in this world, (as well as eternal punishment in the other) as served to exaggerate the wickedness.

She, who could, and who did pardon Miss Milner, was the person who saw her passion in the severest light, and resolved upon every method, however harsh, to root it from her heart — nor did she fear success, resting on the certain assurance, that however deep her love might be fixed, it would never be returned. Yet this confidence did not prevent her taking every precaution, lest

Dorri-

Dorriforth should come to the knowledge of it.—She would not have his composed mind disturbed with such a thought—his steadfast principles so much as shaken by the imagination—nor overwhelm him with those self-reproaches which his fatal attraction, unpremeditated as it was, would still have drawn upon him.

With this plan of concealment, in which the natural modesty of Miss Milner acquiesced, there was but one effort for which she was not prepared; and that was, an entire separation from her guardian.—She had, from the first, cherished her passion without the most remote prospect of a return—she was prepared to see Dorriforth, without ever seeing him nearer to her than as her guardian

O 3

dian and friend ; but not to see him at all—for *that*, she was not prepared.

But Miss Woodley reflected upon the inevitable necessity of this measure before she made her proposal, and then made it with a firmness, that might have done honour to the inflexibility of Dorriforth himself.

During the few days that intervened between her open confession of a passion for Lord Frederick and this proposal, the most intricate incoherence appeared in the character of Miss Milner—and in order to evade a marriage with him, and conceal, at the same time, the shameful propensity which lurked in her breast, she was once even on the point of declaring a passion for Sir Edward Ashton.

In

In the duel which had taken place between Lord Frederick and Dorriforth, the latter had received the fire of his antagonist, but positively refused to return it; by which he had kept his promise not to endanger his Lordship's life, and had reconciled Sandford, in great measure, to his behaviour — and Sandford now (his resolution once broken) no longer refused entering Miss Milner's house, but came whenever it was convenient, though he yet avoided the mistress of it as much as possible; or showed by every word and look, when she was present, that she was still less in his favour than she had ever been.

He visited Dorriforth on the evening of his engagement with Lord Frederick, and the next morning breakfasted with him in his own chamber; nor did Miss Milner see her guardian since his

first return from that engagement before the following noon. She enquired, however, of the servant how his master did, and was rejoiced to hear that his wound was but slight—yet this enquiry she durst not make before Miss Woodley.

When Dorriforth made his appearance the next day, it was evident that he had thrown from his heart a load of cares; and though they had left a languor upon his face, content was in his voice, in his manners, in every word and action.—Far from seeming to retain any resentment against his ward, for the danger into which her imprudence had led him, he appeared rather to pity her weakness, and to wish to sooth the perturbation which the recollection of her own conduct had evidently raised in her mind. — His endeavours were success-

ful — she was soothed every time he spoke to her; and had not the watchful eye of Miss Woodley stood guard over her inclinations, she had plainly discovered, that she was enraptured with the joy of seeing him again — himself, after the danger to which he had been exposed.

These emotions, which she laboured to subdue, passed, however, the bounds of her ineffectual resistance; when at the time of retiring after dinner, he said to her in a low voice, but such as it was meant the company should hear, “Do me the favour, Miss Milner, to call at my study some time in the evening; I have to speak with you upon business.”

She answered “I will, Sir.” And her eyes swam with delight, in expectation of the interview.

Let

Let not the reader, nevertheless, imagine, there was in that ardent expectation, one idea which the most spotless mind, in love, might not have indulged without reproach. — Sincere love, (at least among the delicate of the female sex) is often gratified by that degree of enjoyment, or rather forbearance, which would be torture in the pursuit of any other passion. — Real, delicate, and restrained love, such as Miss Milner's, was indulged in the sight of the object only; and having bounded her wishes by her hopes, the height of her happiness was limited to a conversation, in which no other but themselves took a part.

Miss Woodley was one of those who heard the appointment, but the only one who conceived with what sensation it was received.

While

While the ladies remained in the same room with Dorriforth, Miss Milner thought of little, except of him.—As soon as they withdrew into another apartment, she remembered Miss Woodley; and turning her head suddenly, saw her friend's face imprinted with suspicion and displeasure:—this at first was painful to her—but recollecting that in a couple of hours she was to meet her guardian alone—to speak to him, and hear him speak to her only—every other thought was absorbed in that one, and she considered with indifference, the uneasiness, or the anger of her friend.

Miss Milner, to do justice to her heart, did not wish to beguile Dorriforth into the snares of love.—Could any supernatural power have endowed her with the means, and at the same time have shewn to her the ills that must arise from
such

such an effect of her charms, she had assuredly virtue enough to have declined the conquest; but without enquiring what she proposed, she never saw him, without previously endeavouring to look more attractive, than she would have desired, before any other person. — And now, without listening to the thousand exhortations that spoke in every feature of Miss Woodley's countenance, she flew to a looking-glass, to adjust her dress in a manner that she thought most enchanting.

Time stole away, and the time of going to her guardian arrived. In his presence, unsupported by the presence of any other, every grace that she had practised, every look that she had borrowed to set off her charms, were annihilated; and she became a native beauty,
with

with the artless arguments of reason, only for her aid.—Awed thus by his power, from every thing but what she really was, she never was perhaps half so bewitching, as in those timid, respectful, and embarrassed moments, she passed alone with him.—He caught at those times her respect, her diffidence, nay, even her embarrassment; and never would one word of anger pass on either side.

On the present occasion, he first expressed the high satisfaction that she had given him, by at length revealing to him the real state of her mind.

“And when I take every thing into consideration, Miss Milner,” added he, “I rejoice that your sentiments happen to be such as you have owned.—For, although my Lord Frederick is not the
very

very man I could have wished for your perfect happiness, yet, in the state of human perfection and human happiness, you might have fixed your affections with perhaps less propriety; and still, where my unwillingness to thwart your inclinations might not have permitted me to contend with them."

Not a word of reply did this demand; or if it had, not a word could she have given.

"And now, Madam, the reason of my desire to speak with you—is, to know from yourself, the means you think most proper to pursue, in order to acquaint Lord Frederick, that notwithstanding this late repulse, there are hopes of your partiality in his favour."

"Defer the explanation," she replied eagerly.

"I beg

“ I beg your pardon—it cannot be.—Besides, how can you indulge a disposition thus unpitying?—Even so ardently did I desire to render the man who loves you happy, that though he came armed against my life, had I not reflected, that previous to our engagement it would appear like fear, and the means of bartering for his forgiveness, I should have revealed your sentiments the moment I had seen him. When the engagement was over, I was too impatient to acquaint you with his safety, to think then on gratifying him.—And indeed, the delicacy of the declaration, after the many denials you have no doubt given him, should be considered.—I therefore entreat your approbation of the manner in which it shall be made.”

“ Mr. Dorriforth, can you allow nothing to the moments of surprize, and that

that pity, which the fate impending inspired? And which might urge me to express myself of Lord Frederick, in a manner my cooler thoughts will not warrant?"

"There was nothing in your expressions, my dear Miss Milner, the least equivocal—if you were off your guard when you pleaded for Lord Frederick, as I believe you were, you said more sincerely what you thought; and no discreet, or rather indiscreet, attempts to retract, can make me change my opinion."

"I am very sorry," she replied, confused and trembling.

"Why sorry?—Come, give me commission to reveal your sentiments.—I'll not be too hard upon you—a hint from me will do.—Hope is ever apt to interpret the slightest words to its own use

rise, and a lover's hope is beyond all others, sanguine."

"I never gave Lord Frederick hope."

"But you never plunged him into despair."

"His pursuit intimates that I never have, but he has no other proof."

"However light and frivolous you have been upon frivolous subjects, yet I must own, Miss Milner, that I did expect when a case of this importance came seriously before you, you would have discovered a proper stability in your behaviour."

"I do, Sir; and it was only when I was affected with a weakness, which arose from accident, that I have betrayed inconsistency."

"You then assert again, that you have no affection for my Lord Frederick?"

"Not enough to become his wife."

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P.

"You

“ You are alarmed at marriage, and I do not wonder you should be so ; it shews a prudent foresight which does you honour—but, my dear, are there no dangers in a single state ?—If I may judge, Miss Milner, there are many more to a young lady of your accomplishments, than if you were under the protection of a husband.”

“ My father, Mr. Dorriforth, thought your protection sufficient.”

“ But that protection was rather to direct your choice, than to be the cause of your not choosing at all.—Give me leave to point out an observation which, perhaps, I have too frequently made before, but upon this occasion I must intrude it once again. Miss Fenton is its object—her fortune is inferior to your's, her personal attractions are less”——

Here the powerful glow of joy, and

of

of gratitude, for an opinion so negligently, and yet so sincerely expressed, flew to Miss Milner's face, neck, and even to her hands and fingers; the blood mounted to every part of her skin that was visible, for not a fibre but felt the secret transport, that Dorrisforth thought her more beautiful than the beautiful Miss Fenton.

If he observed her blushes, he was unsuspicious of the cause, and went on.

“ There is, besides, in the temper of Miss Fenton, a sedateness that might with less hazard ensure *her* safety in an unmarried life; and yet she very properly thinks it her duty, as she does not mean to seclude herself by any vows to the contrary, to become a wife—and in obedience to the counsel of her friends, will be married within a very few weeks.”

P 2 “ Miss

“ Miss Fenton may marry from obedience, I never will.”

“ You mean to say, that love shall alone induce you.”

“ I do.”

“ If you would point out a subject upon which I am the least able to reason, and on which my sentiments, such as they are, are formed only from theory, (and even there, more cautioned than instructed) it is the subject of love.— And yet, even that little which I know, tells me, without a doubt, that what you said yesterday, pleading for Lord Frederick’s life, was the result of the most violent and tender love.”

“ The *little you know* then, Mr. Dorriſforth, has deceived you; had you *known more*, you would have judged otherwise.”

“ I sub-

"I submit to the merit of your reply; but without allowing me a judge at all, I will appeal to those who were present with me."

"Are Mrs. Horton and Mr. Sandford to be the connoisseurs?"

"No; I'll appeal to Miss Fenton and Miss Woodley."

"And yet, I believe," replied she with a smile, "I believe theory must only be the judge even there."

"Then from all you have said, Madam, on this occasion, I am to conclude that you still refuse to marry Lord Frederick?"

"You are."

"And you submit never to see him again?"

"I do."

"All you then said to me, yesterday, was false?"

“ I was not mistress of myself at the time.”

“ Therefore it was truth !—for shame, for shame !

At that moment the door opened, and Mr. Sandford walked in—he started back on seeing Miss Milner, and was going away ; but Dorriforth called to him to stay, and said with warmth,

“ Tell me, Mr. Sandford, by what power, by what persuasion, I can prevail upon Miss Milner to confide in me as her friend ; to lay her heart open, and credit mine when I declare to her, that I have no view in all the advice I give to her, but her immediate welfare.”

“ Mr. Dorriforth, you know my opinion of that lady,” replied Sandford ; “ it has been formed ever since my first acquaintance with her, and it continues the same.”

“ But

“But instruct me how I am to inspire her with confidence,” returned Dorriforth; “how I am to impress her, with a sense of that, which is for her advantage?”

“You can work no miracles,” replied Sandford, “you are not holy enough.”

“And yet my ward,” answered Dorriforth, “appears to be acquainted with that mystery; for what but the force of a miracle can induce her to contradict to-day, what before you, and several other witnesses, she positively acknowledged yesterday?”

“Do you call that miraculous?” cried Sandford; “the miracle had been if she had *not* done so—for did she not yesterday contradict what she acknowledged the day before?—and will she not to-morrow disavow what she says to-day?”

P 4 “I wish

"I wish that she may," replied Dorri-
forth mildly, for he saw the tears flow-
ing down her face at the rough and
severe manner in which Sandford had
spoken, and began to feel for her unea-
siness.

"I beg pardon," cried Sandford,
"for speaking so rudely to the mistress
of the house—I have no business here, I
know; but where *you* are, Mr. Dorri-
forth, unless I am turned out, I shall al-
ways think it my duty to come."

Miss Milner curtsied, as much as to
say, he was welcome to come.—He con-
tinued,

"I was to blame, that upon a nice
punctilio, I left you so long without
my visits, and without my counsel; in
that time, you have run the hazard of
being murdered, and what is worse, of
being excommunicated; for had you
I
been

been so rash as to have returned your opponent's fire, not all my interest at Rome would have obtained remission of the punishment."

"Miss Milner, through all her tears, could not now restrain her laughter.—

On which he resumed ;

"And here do I venture, like a missionary among savages—but if I can only save you from the scalping knives of them, from the miseries which that lady is preparing for you, I am rewarded."

Sandford spoke this with great fervour, and the offence of her love never appeared in so tremendous a point of view to her, as when thus, unknowingly, alluded to by him.

"*The miseries that lady is preparing for you,*" hung upon her ears like the notes of a raven, and sounded equally ominous.—The words "*murder*" and "*excommunication*"

tion" he had likewise uttered; all the fatal effects of sacrilegious love. — Frightful superstitions struck her to the heart, and she could scarcely prevent falling down under their oppression.

Dorriforth beheld the difficulty she had in sustaining herself, and with the utmost tenderness went and supported her, saying, "I beg your pardon—I invited you hither with a far different intention than your uneasiness, and be assured——"

Sandford was beginning to speak. "Hold, Mr. Sandford," resumed he, "the lady is under my protection, and I know not whether it is not necessary that you should apologize to her, and to me, for what you have already said."

"You asked my opinion, or I had not given it you—would you have me, like her, speak what I do not think?"

"Say

“ Say no more, Sir,” cried Dorri-
forth—and leading her kindly to the
door, as if to defend her from his ma-
lice, told her “ He would take another
opportunity of renewing the subject.”

CHAP.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN Dorriserth was alone with Sandford, he explained to him what before he had only hinted ; and this learned Jesuit frankly confessed, “ That the mind of woman was far above, or rather beneath, his comprehension.” — It was so, indeed—for with all his penetration, and few even of that school had more, he had not yet penetrated into the recesses of Miss Milner’s heart.

Miss Woodley, to whom she repeated all that had passed between herself, her guardian, and Sandford, took this moment, in the agitation of her spirits, to alarm them still more by her prophetic insinuations ; and at length represented to her here, for the first time, the necessity,

sity, " That Mr. Dorriforth and she no longer should remain under the same roof." This was like the stroke of sudden death to Miss Milner, and clinging to life, she endeavoured to avert the blow by prayers, and by promises.—Her friend loved her too sincerely, however, to be prevailed upon.

" But in what manner can I accomplish the separation?" cried she, " for till I marry we are obliged, by my father's request, to live in the same house."

" Miss Milner," answered Miss Woodley, " much as I respect the will of a dying man, I regard yours and Mr. Dorriforth's present and eternal happiness much more; and it is my resolution that you *shall part*.—If *you* will not contrive the means, that duty falls on me, and without any invention, I see the measure at once."

" What

“What is it?” cried Miss Milner eagerly.

I will reveal to Mr. Dorriforth, without hesitation, the real state of your heart; which your present inconsistency of conduct will but too readily confirm.”

“You would not plunge me into so much shame, into so much anguish!” cried she, distractedly.

“No,” replied Miss Woodley, “not for the world, if you will separate from him by any mode of your own—but that you *shall* separate is my determination; and in spite of all your sufferings, this shall be the expedient, unless you instantly agree to some other.”

“Good Heaven, Miss Woodley! is this your friendship?”

“Yes — and the truest friendship I have to bestow. — Think what a task I undertake for your sake and his, when

I condemn myself to explain to him your weakness. — What astonishment! what confusion! what remorse, do I foresee painted upon his face! — I hear him call you by the harshest names, and behold him fly from your sight for ever, as an object of his detestation.”

“ Oh spare the dreadful picture. — Fly from my sight for ever! — Detest my name! Oh! my dear Miss Woodley, let but his friendship for me still remain, and I will consent to any thing. — You may command me. — I will go away from him directly — but let us part in friendship — Oh! without the friendship of Mr. Dorriforth, life would be a heavy burthen indeed.”

Miss Woodley immediately began to contrive schemes for their separation; and with all her invention alive on the subject, this was the only natural one that she could form.

Miss

Miss Milner, in a letter to her distant relation at Bath, was to complain of the melancholy of a country life, which she was to say her guardian imposed upon her, and entreat the lady to send a pressing invitation that she would pass a month or two at her house ; this invitation was to be laid before Dorriforth for his approbation, and the two ladies were to enforce it, by expressing their earnest wishes for his consent. This plan having been properly regulated, the necessary letter was sent to Bath, and Miss Woodley waited with patience, but with a watchful guard upon the conduct of her friend, till the answer should arrive.

During this interim a tender and complaining epistle from Lord Frederick was delivered to Miss Milner ; to which as he received no answer, he prevailed upon his uncle, with whom he resided,

to

to wait upon her, and obtain a verbal reply; for he still flattered himself, that fear of her guardian's anger, or perhaps his interception of the letter which he had sent, was the sole cause of her apparent indifference.

The old gentleman was introduced both to Miss Milner and to Mr. Dorri-forth, but received from each an answer so explicit, that left his nephew no longer in doubt but that all farther pursuit was vain.

Sir Edward Ashton about this time also submitted to a formal dismissal; and had the mortification to reflect, that he was bestowing upon the object of his affections, the tenderest proof of his regard, by absenting himself entirely from her society.

Upon this serious and certain conclusion to the hopes of Lord Frederick, Dorriforth was more astonished than ever at the conduct of his ward.—He had once thought her behaviour in this respect was ambiguous, but since her confession of a passion for that nobleman, he had no doubt but in the end she would become his wife.—He lamented to find himself mistaken, and thought it proper now to condemn her caprice, not merely in words, but in the general tenor of his behaviour. He consequently became more reserved, and more austere than he had been since his first acquaintance with her; for his manners, not from design, but imperceptibly to himself, had been softened since he became her guardian, by that tender respect which he had uniformly paid to the object of his protection.

Notwith-

Notwithstanding the severity he now assumed, his ward, in the prospect of parting from him, grew melancholy; Miss Woodley's love to her friend rendered her little otherwise; and Dorriforth's peculiar gravity, frequently rigour, could not but make their whole party less cheerful than it had been. Lord Elmwood too, at this time was lying dangerously ill of a fever; Miss Fenton of course was as much in sorrow as her nature would permit her to be, and both Sandford and Dorriforth in extreme concern upon his Lordship's account.

In this posture of affairs, the letter of invitation arrives from Lady Luneham at Bath; it was shewn to Dorriforth; and to prove to his ward that he is so much offended, as no longer to feel that excessive interest in her concerns which he

once felt, he gives an opinion on the subject with indifference — he desires “ Miss Milner will do what she herself thinks proper.” — Miss Woodley instantly accepts this permission, writes back, and appoints the day upon which her friend means to set off for the visit.

Miss Milner is wounded at the heart by the cold and unkind manners of her guardian, but dares not take one method to retrieve his opinion. — Alone, or to her friend, she sighs and weeps : he discovers her sorrow, and is doubtful whether the departure of Lord Frederick from that part of the country is not the cause.

When the time she was to set out for Bath was only two days off, the behaviour of Dorriforth took, by degrees, its usual form, if not a greater share of polite

polite and tender attention than ever.—It was the first time he had parted from Miss Milner since he became her guardian, and he felt upon the occasion, a reluctance.—He had been angry with her, he had shewn her that he was, and he now began to wish that he had not.—She is not happy, (he considered within himself) every word and action declares she is not; I may have been too severe, and added perhaps to her uneasiness.—“At least we will part on good terms,” said he—“Indeed, my regard for her is such, I cannot part otherwise.”

She soon discerned his returning kindness, and it was a gentle tie that would have fastened her to that spot for ever, but for the firm resistance of Miss Woodley.

“What will the absence of a few months effect?” said she, pleading her cause; “At the end of a few months

at

at farthest, he will expect me back, and where then will be the merit of this separation?"

"In that time," replied Miss Woodley, "we may find some method to make it longer."—To this she listened with a kind of despair, but uttered she "Was resigned," and prepared for her departure.

Dorriforth was all anxiety that every circumstance of her journey should be commodious; he was eager she should be happy; and he was eager she should see that he entirely forgave her.—He would have gone part of the way with her, but for the extreme illness of Lord Elmwood, in whose chamber he passed most of the day, and slept in Elmwood House every night.

On

On the morning of her journey, when Dorriforth gave his hand and conducted Miss Milner to the carriage, all the way he led her she could not restrain her tears; which increased, as he parted from her, to convulsive sobs.—He was affected by her grief; and though he had previously bid her farewell, he drew her gently on one side, and said, with the tenderest concern,

“ My dear Miss Milner, we part friends?—I hope we do?—On my side, depend upon it, that I regret nothing so much at our separation, as having ever given you a moment’s pain.”

“ I believe so,” was all she could say, for she hastened from him, lest his discerning eye should discover the cause of the weakness which thus overcame her.—But her apprehensions were groundless; the rectitude of his own heart was

a bar to the suspicion of hers—He once more kindly bade her adieu, and the carriage drove away.

Miss Fenton and Miss Woodley accompanied her part of the journey, about thirty miles, where they were met by Sir Harry and lady Luneham.—Here was a parting nearly as affecting as that between her and her guardian. Miss Woodley, who for several weeks had treated her friend with a rigidity she herself hardly supposed was in her nature, now bewailed her own severity; implored her forgiveness, promising to correspond with her punctually, and omit no opportunity of giving every consolation short of cherishing her fatal passion; but in that, and that only, was the heart of Miss Milner to be consoled.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



